VOL. CCXI, No. 2753

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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 15, 1952
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

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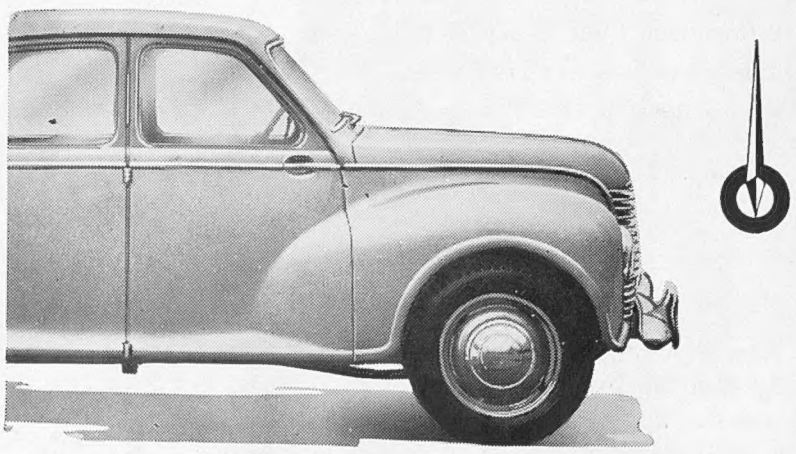

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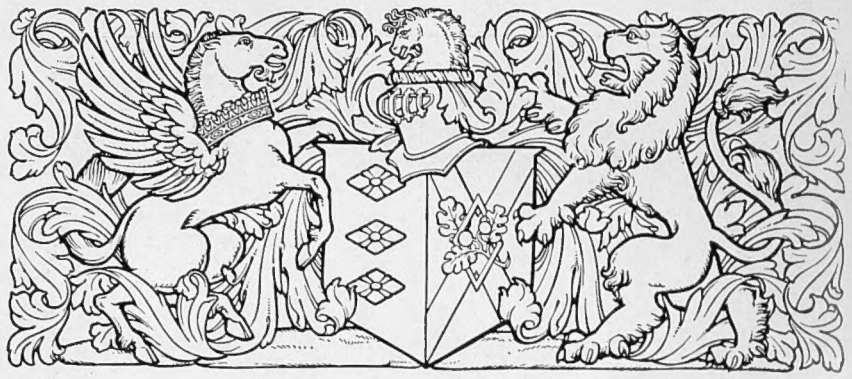

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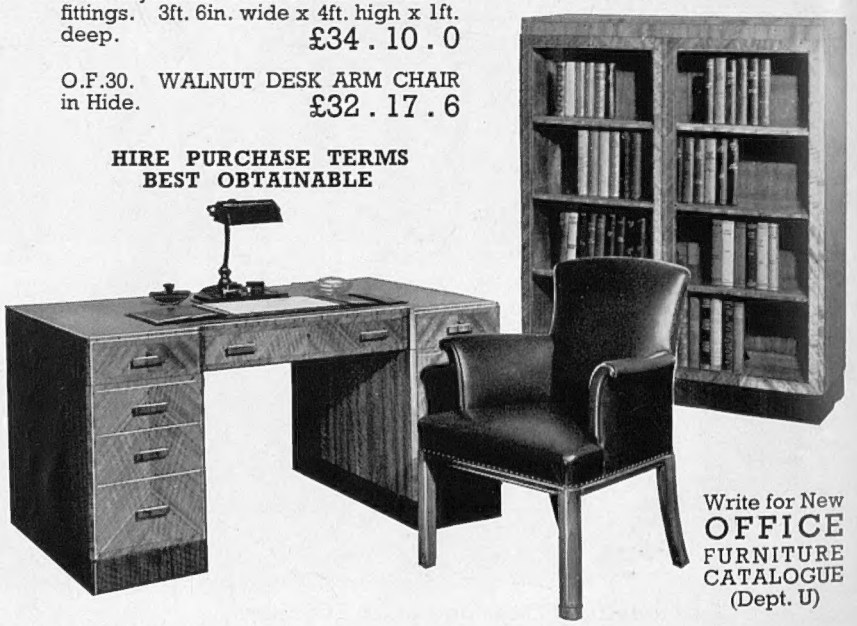

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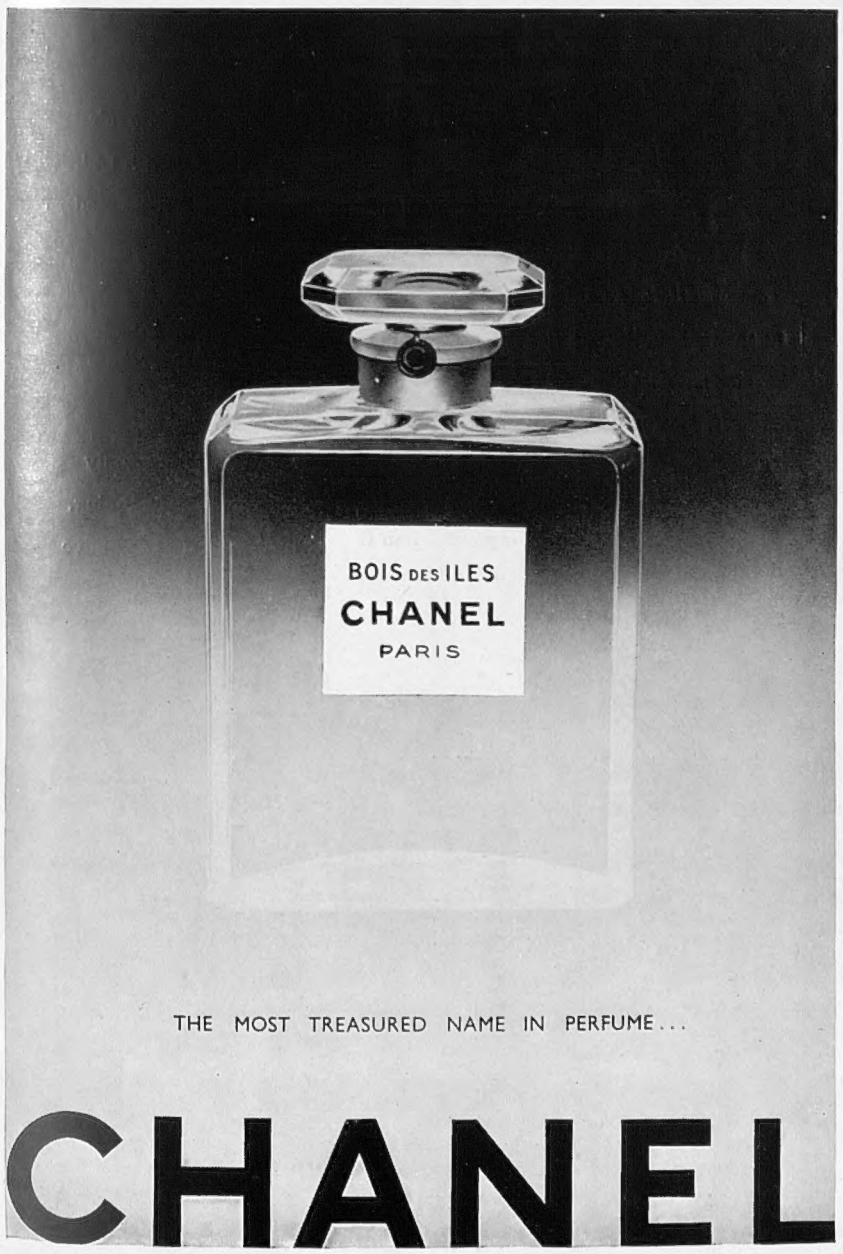

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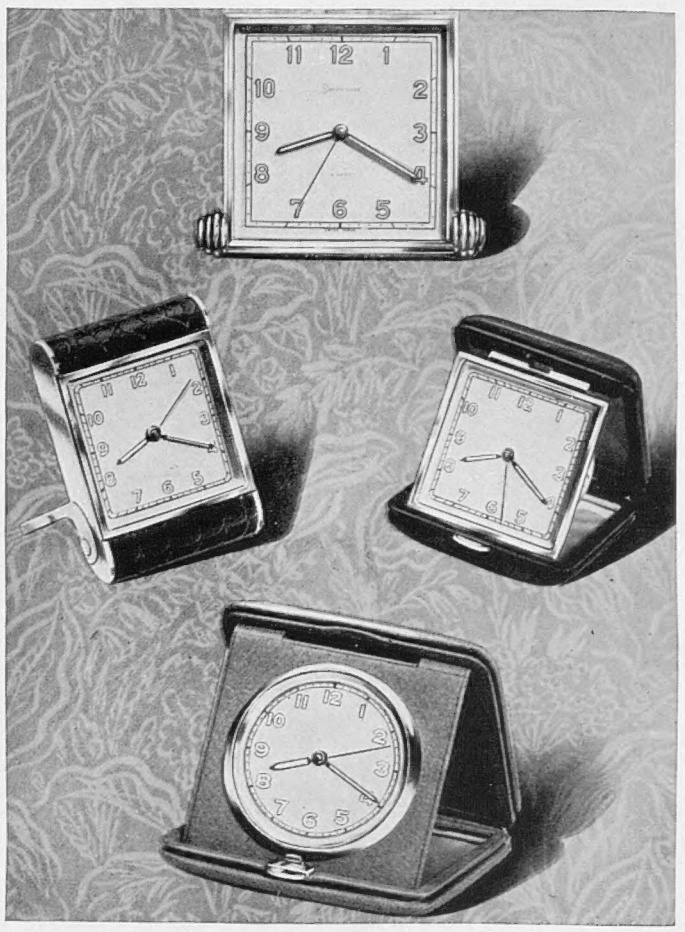

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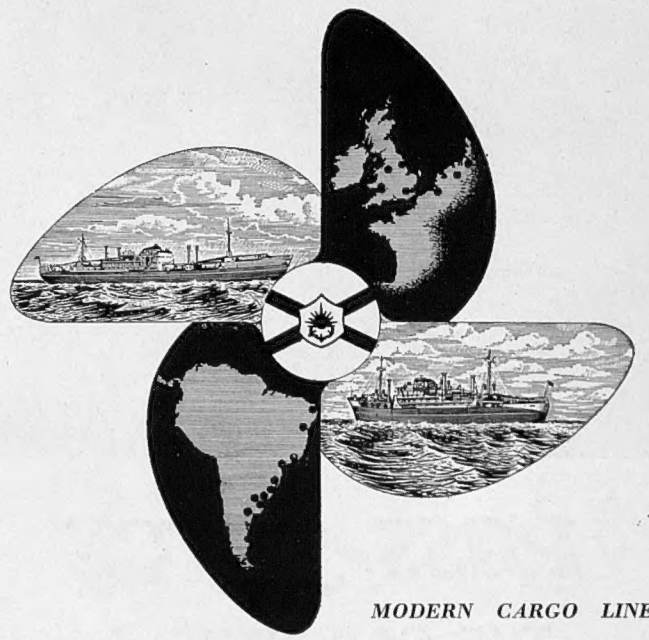

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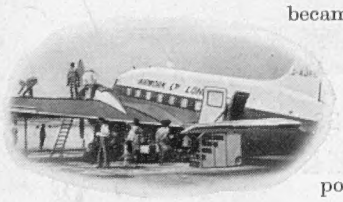

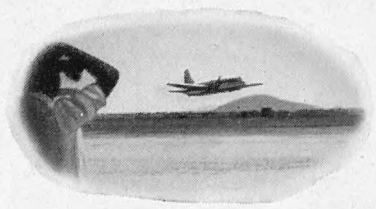

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Volume CCXI No. 2753 The SPHERE, London, November 15, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY IN WHITEHALL—THE QUEEN LAYS A WREATH OF FLANDERS POPPIES ON THE CENOTAPH AFTER THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE: After laying the wreath the Queen stood for a few moments in meditation, and then walked back to her place in front of the Cenotaph. **(See also pages 260-61.)**

The Queen, wearing black with a cluster of Flanders poppies on the lapel of her coat, led the Commonwealth's homage last Sunday, Remembrance Day, to those who made the supreme sacrifice in two world wars. For the first time in the history of this moving and almost unchanging ceremony a reigning Queen was the central figure in this homage, and it was significant how many women there were along the rigid uniformed lines flanking the Cenotaph as Her Majesty placed her wreath on the base of the memorial, the W.R.A.F., the W.R.A.C. and the W.R.N.S. all being much in evidence.

The Queen left the Home Office building just before 11 a.m. and the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester followed her closely to take up their places in front of the Cenotaph. Almost as soon as the Queen arrived the first maroon was heard, followed by the sound of Big Ben marking the hour. At the end of the Two Minutes Silence trumpeters of the Royal Air Force sounded the Last Post, and then followed the wreath-laying ceremonial. After the Royal family had laid wreaths came the Lord Chancellor, the Premier, the Leader of the Opposition, Commonwealth representatives and Service Chiefs.

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THE GOVERNMENT HOLD WYCOMBE

MR. JOHN HALL, THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE, RETAINS THE WYCOMBE CONSTITUENCY FOR THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY : The new M.P. is seen acknowledging the cheers outside the Town Hall at High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, following the announcement of his victory. On Mr. Hall's left is Mr. John Haire, the Labour candidate ; on his right is M.s. Hall. Mr. Hall polled a total of 26,750 votes, thus gaining a majority of 2,100 over his opponent. In the General Election the Conservative majority was 1,753. The by-election was caused by Mr. W. W. Astor's succession to the peerage on the death of his father.

A NUFFIELD CENTRE OCCASION

LADY NUFFIELD CUTS A CAKE IN CELEBRATION OF THE 1,000TH VARIETY SHOW AT THE CENTRE NAMED AFTER HER HUSBAND, LORD NUFFIELD : The televised show, compered by Ted Ray, was watched by Sir Ian Jacob, the newly-appointed Director-General of the B.B.C. ; Mr. George Barnes, Director of Television, and by Mr. Ronny Waldman, Television's variety chief. Since the inception of the Nuffield Centre, more than nine years ago, over 10,000 artists have taken part in variety shows there. Among the many guests at the recent party were some of the artists who took part in the Royal Variety Performance.

UFFA FOX OPENS A LONDON EXHIBITION

SAILING WITH THE DUKE, WITH SPINNAKER SET : Uffa Fox, the distinguished yacht designer and helmsman, with Mr. Frank Beken (left) and Mr. Keith Beken (right) as they stood before a photograph of the Duke of Edinburgh and Mr. Fox sailing the Duke's Flying Fifteen *Coweslip*. Mr. Fox had just opened the exhibition of marine photographs by the Bekens, which is now being held at the Ilford Gallery in Holborn.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

In 1953—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

America Decides.—Those United States have spoken and normality (comparative peace and sanity in politics) is free to resume control when passions simmer down. For weeks and months the Americans have concentrated on this sole issue of burning interest, but I do not suppose that in calm retrospect it will be found that the election was more bitter, more furious, than its predecessors. One side or the other always cry that no election was ever so dirty or noisy. We do the same in our peaceful little elections, but an English Coronation is perhaps a closer parallel with the Presidential Election, not, of course, in fury or bitterness, but in the total absorption in one topic of Press and people for long months before the event. This absorption seems never to bore or weary the nation. They enjoy every minute of it, as we enjoy Coronation news nine months non-stop. And now America has crowned her King and the White House has found a new tenant. What next ? The only election promise which, if words mean anything, one feels must be implemented within a month of Eisenhower's installation as President is the visit to Korea. Some time before the end of this year " Ike " must be in Korea to look and to listen, and to work a miracle for the Americans and the United Nations, if miracles and not more trouble are to be picked up in Korea. For the rest, we must wait and see what alterations and improvements may be expected in our relations with America and in international affairs. We acclaimed the new President, first, as a great general and a great diplomatist and conciliator, and (after reading *The Struggle for Europe*) we later reversed the two titles after qualifying the latter. We hail him still as a statesman devoid of petty partisanship and personal ambition, unless in the fever of electioneering, and we all hope that he will reveal those mighty and rare qualities so essential for a world leader and international statesman to-day.

Wycombe Does Ditto.—We had last week in microcosm what America had in large. Wycombe was certainly regarded as a test case by party organisers. The result was to show (and perhaps did show) whether confidence in Tory administration had grown and recent events in the Socialist ranks had a little shaken the wobblers. Certainly in microcosm and generally in national elections, other P.'s than politics influence the votes. Personality and pockets play their parts. Charming Mr. Hall, engaging and familiar Mr. Haire, and the vital questions of Mr. Smith's pension, Mrs. Brown's domestic budget, the repair of the village pump, the cost of living, and houses for Jones and impatient Robinson. On cool reflection, one may judge that the landslide for " Ike " was greatly due to a nationwide desire for a change—twenty years of rule by one party is long enough—to the immense esteem in which " Ike " is held on his war record and his efforts for European defence, and to the faint hope that he might by some miracle of military genius and statesmanship cure the running sore of Korea. Cool reflection after the Wycombe by-election seemed to suggest that last year's change to the other party has been tardily welcomed not by the eye of faith and hope, but on results to date, and that, while personalities and pockets and village pumps played their due parts, the Government may chalk up a hopeful political pointer in having won over some waverers. The intervention of Jupiter Pluvius, at the hour when factory and office close, did not seem to have hit one side more than the other. The poll was high for a by-election.

Lord Samuel.—On the eve of his eighty-second birthday, Lord Samuel was entertained by the National Liberal Club. He has been in Parliament for exactly half-a-century. When Gladstone entered Parliament, the first reformed Parliament, one Member at least still wore a pigtail. When Gladstone retired from Parliament, Samuel entered it. Throughout the troubled half-century and the chequered career of the Liberal Party, he has consistently maintained its great traditions. As a link with the past, his career appears remarkable, when it is recalled that of Asquith's Ministers, there remain " only three of the crew alive that put to sea with seventy-five "—himself, Lord Simon . . . and Mr. Churchill. And of these, he only serves still under the " Jolly Roger " (if my simile be allowed to pass muster). In short, there is " only one of the crew alive." In his public career, he has done signal and invaluable service to his country, as a Minister and reformer, as a pro-consul in Palestine, as chairman of innumerable Commissions ; he is known and respected as a philosopher, economist, broadcaster and author of books on a variety of subjects. And to-day, when his own party is in eclipse, he is recognised and deferred to by members of all parties as an Elder Statesman of the front rank, whose knowledge, experience and shrewd judgment on all vital matters, political, economic and cultural, are relied on an valued from the knowledge that they are derived fro patriotism, clear thinking and breadth of min Lord Justice Birkett well summed-up his acknowledge virtues in public life : courage, dignity, loyalty integrity, an unswerving devotion in public and privat to the things that are honourable and of good repor among men. Is any quality lacking here to make u the ideal of the trusty servant of the State ? Thos who regret the decline of Liberalism may answer none. The lack is of more caskets capable of containin these jewels and this chaplet.

Public Morality.—The Public Morality Council last week had its day of publicity and venti lation, and made the most of it. Call it a day. I is only a day. For the morning after, and onwards things remain as they were. But the Council did it best to make it a day. The Bishop of London presided the Chancellor of the Exchequer found time to addres it. He chose better housing as the master-key t curing crime and public lack of morality. Both, h admitted, were grave problems and (brave words he added that evil can not be justified because it wa private. It is a *public* concern. But which Ministe is concerned to handle it ? The secretary, Mr. Tomlin son, listed some of his Council's hates. Femal nakedness on the stage. The Lord Chamberlain, h thought, was more liberal in this exposure of meat tha are the authorities in gay Paris. Pornographic maga zines and comics and Sunday seductive serials. Som progress was reported in liquidating pornography i magazine form. He took no serious objection t films—he is concerned not with *taste*, but with " pure morality—nor with Radio or T.V. Posters of grea vulgarity were noticed and attacked. For my par I put several features not mentioned, above fema nudity on the stage. If, indeed, Mr. Butler spoke wi sincerity, should he not report to his busy colleagu and discuss whether time and a Minister could b found (even in Coronation year) to deal with utter filthy novels, blurbed by publishers, lauded an recommended by Book Societies and rolled off th stocks by shrewd authors (of " pure genius ") and wi the police court scrapings of Sunday rags ? Some us are getting as tired of the moral platitudes Ministers as of the immoral latitudes of publishers an editors. And we are rather proud to be called prud and Puritans and busybodies. A " public concern concerns the *Government*.

Co-operation With America.—Some times, I confess, when I hear from speakers at publ dinners those well-worn but desirable reiterations the " vital importance to civilisation of co-operati

THE NEW CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAF

GENERAL SIR JOHN HARDING, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., TAKES OVER FRO FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM : General Harding, who unt his new appointment was Commander-in-Chief British Army the Rhine, is seen at the War Office in London, where h assumed the office of C.I.G.S. at the beginning of the mont His predecessor, Sir William Slim, is leaving early in the Ne Year to take up his appointment as Governor-General Australia. Sir John Harding served in the Machine Gun Cor during the First World War, later becoming a lieutenant the Somerset Light Infantry. He was appointed captain 1928 and became a general in 1949. Since the Second Wor War Sir John has been G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command C.-in-C. Far East Land Forces, and Colonel, 6th Gurkha Rifle

between the great English-speaking nations," I am concerned to realise that that co-operation is perhaps seen in its closest and most efficient (if not most ideal) form in the publication of filthy novels and magazines, of intrusive and poisonous columnist personalities and in many films totally lacking in taste. Working together with a will, England and America in the past two years have given to civilisation and its uplift among many other works of " pure genius " : *Memoirs of Hecate County, The Disenchanted, Look Down in Pity, If It Die* (a translation of André Gide), *Hemlock and After, The Dividing Stream.* I could treble the list. The publishers and the Book Societies on both sides of the Atlantic have co-operated enthusiastically to glorify the brilliance of these pictures of Western civilisation—most successfully, for many of them have been best-sellers. But it is small wonder if Western civilisation is not so much respected by " backward " nations as it was in the days of " stuffy " reticence and conventional discipline. For to advertise and glorify homosexuality, promiscuity, drug-taking and gin-soaking may be good for trade in a narrow field, but are not likely to underline the right of the great English-speaking nations to be leaders of civilisation.

The Boast of Heraldry.—The Master of Stunts among the sensational Sunday newspaper stunt manufacturers is just now all out against the hereditary office-holders and bottle-washers, the hereditary peerage and all the precedents from the bad old times of Privilege which are believed to be keeping the Coronation ceremony undemocratic, unrealistic and unrepresentative of true worth in our democracy and Commonwealth. And the Earl Marshal has become its chief Aunt Sally. He is, of course, a good deal more than hereditary Earl Marshal. He is an able and extremely hard-working public servant, an admirable Lord Lieutenant, a simple, unassuming man who puts in as much time on local and boring committees and functions as he does even to-day on matters of State ceremonial. Of course, the Master of Stunts must always be 100 per cent. pro or con the stunt of the week. Far be it from me to deny some glaring anomalies in arrangements for the Coronation *vis-à-vis* our constant insistence that we are now a classless society, a pure democracy, and so on. And some of these anomalies I often point out. But some I should like to demolish. For one thing, the " young Queen " is invariably assumed to be the victim of the precedent-fiends, she is being led by them down the garden-path from the public terrace to My Lady's private rose-garden. But in truth there is no real evidence that the Queen desires radical changes in the ceremonial judged fit for the coronations of her father and grandfather. On the contrary, she has the last word in every detail. Then, again, before glaring anomalies are detected and trounced, adequate evidence must be produced that we *are* indeed a classless society, a pure democracy, and that we have no hankering to preserve any features of the bad old days of hereditary privilege.

Our New Democracy ?—There is no such evidence. On the contrary, if you closely examine the columns of the very issue of the Stunt Master who has trounced the hereditary bottle-washers and all the privileged Coronation Committees for their worship of museum-piece exhibits, you will find that about half of them are devoted to the glorification of ancestry, to the doings and sayings of people of title and to the chit-chat about high-life and " socialites " which was so popular *temp.* Ed. VII and is just as popular to-day. No one, of course, credits Stunt Master No. 1 with utter consistency, for often he applauds next week the very " evil " he condemns to-day. But he should be more careful to see that his fellow-contributors march in step with him on the Sunday chosen for his " scandalous " revelation. However, there is no smoke without fire, even though there are two sides to every question ; and I venture a prophecy that next year's Coronation will be the very last which will be pre-ponderantly based on the precedents of Queen Anne, *et seq.* Although the Government seems in no hurry to fulfil *one* election pledge, I feel sure enough that next time there will be no hereditary peerage entitled to absorb half the Abbey space and many fewer here-ditary bottle-washers, and that our modern democracy will have reached a more definite stage in its evolution which will rule out such precedents and may even reveal that the general public has really ceased to be absorbingly and primarily interested in people of title and other " museum-pieces." At the moment, a duke is still a duke, and must be given precedence even of the family mourners *even* at a funeral service, albeit our religion hints that in Heaven the table of precedence is drawn up on different principles. Therefore, since the time is not yet come, let us leave the Coronation of 1953 to be perfected by the planners appointed and devote some of our thoughts and column space to other matters of not totally trivial importance. Are we and Fleet Street so bankrupt of ideas that we must mortgage the dividends due in the second quarter of 1953 to find food for to-day ?

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE HIGH WYCOMBE FURNITURE INDUSTRY

By IVOR BULMER-THOMAS

With Drawings by JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.

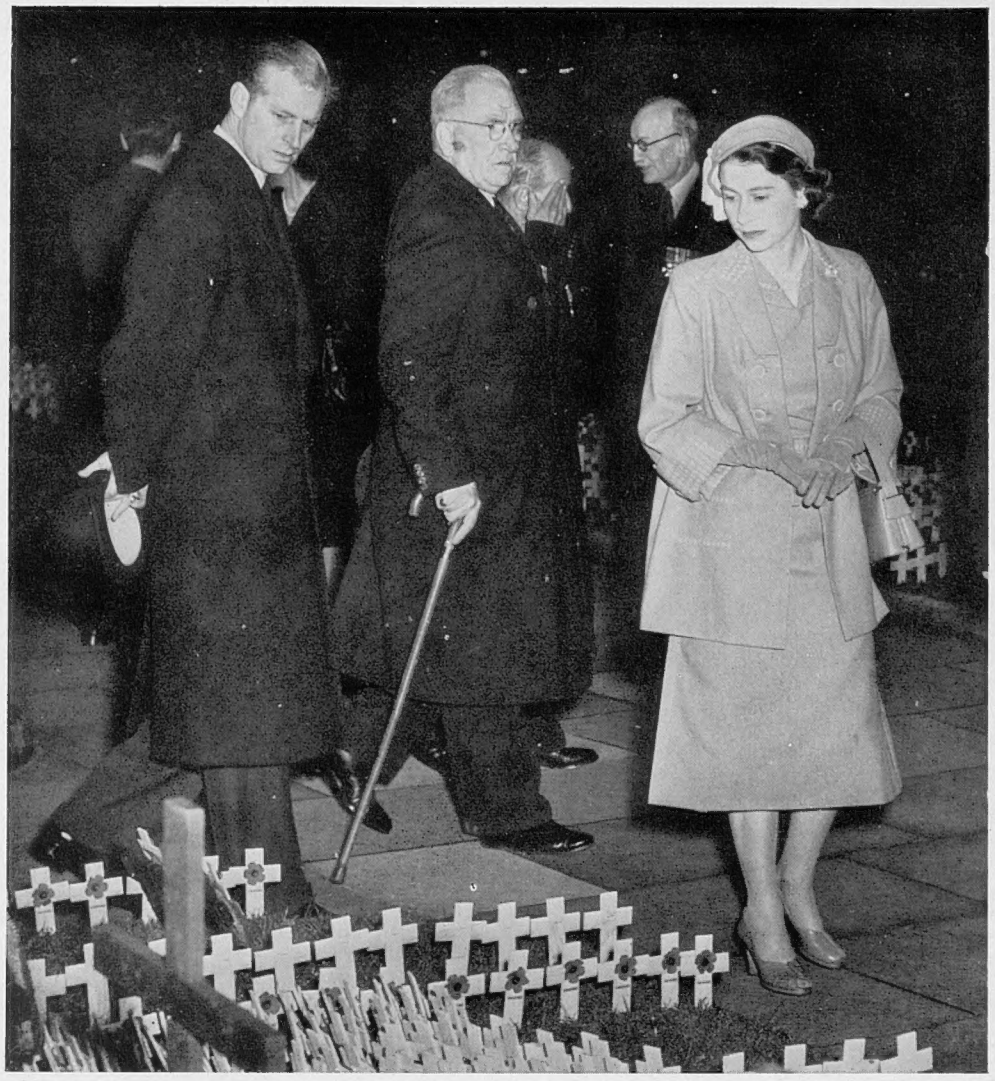
ARCHITECTURAL SERENITY AND POLITICAL AGITATION AT THE U.N.

" THE WORKSHOP FOR PEACE "—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE PERMANENT HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS ON THE MANHATTAN BANK OF THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK : The group of buildings is dominated by the thirty-nine-storey skyscraper office building accommodating the 3,400 members of the headquarters staff. The long, low building at the river's edge contains council chambers and conference rooms, and beside it, capped with a dome, is the huge auditorium for meetings of the General Assembly. The small square building in the shadow of the skyscraper houses the library. The site was chosen when Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jnr., offered 8,500,000 dollars as a gift for its purchase. Concurrent with the Rockefeller gift the City of New York offered certain lands within and adjacent to the site, together with waterfront rights and easements. The city also undertook certain improvements in the immediate site area, including the construction of a vehicular tunnel under First Avenue, the widening of streets and extensive landscaping.

" THE WORKSHOP FOR PEACE "—MR. VISHINSKY (EXTREME RIGHT) HAMMERS HOME A POINT IN THE U.N. POLITICAL COMMITTEE : The Soviet Foreign Minister, making a long and angry speech on the Korean situation, is seen facing Mr. Dean Acheson, the United States Secretary of State, who is sitting beside Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, of the United Kingdom. Mr. Warren Austin (U.S.) is behind Mr. Acheson and Sir Gladwyn Jebb (U.K.) behind Mr. Lloyd.

REMEMBRANCE IN LONDON

THE QUEEN VISITS THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, AND LEADS THE HOMAGE AT THE CENOTAPH IN WHITEHALL



THE QUEEN WALKS ROUND THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE : Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, after they had planted crosses in the churchyard of St. Margaret's, outside Westminster Abbey. During this time of Remembrance the Queen also went to the Albert Hall to join with the British Legion in their festival, always a moving occasion, and in its own particular way changing as little from year to year as does the Cenotaph ceremony itself.

FLANKED BY THE DUKES OF EDINBURGH AND GLOUCESTER HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN STANDS BEFORE THE CENOTAPH DURING THE TWO MINUTES' SILENCE : It was after the Silence that the Queen took the wreath of Flanders poppies and then placed it on the base of the Cenotaph.

DEDICATING THE EMPIRE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE, IN THE WEEK BEFORE REMEMBRANCE DAY : During a short service in St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster, the first cross was planted by Major-General Sir Richard Howard Vyse, the Chairman of the British Legion, the cross bearing the words "In dutiful homage to the late King George VI." After the dedication service the Last Post and Reveille were sounded from the steps of St. Margaret's by a trumpeter of the Household Cavalry

THE QUEEN LEADS THE HOMAGE OF THE COMMONWEALTH TO THE FALLEN OF TWO WORLD WARS: This was the scene at the Cenotaph last Sunday as Her Majesty placed her wreath of Flanders poppies on the memorial. The Dukes of Edinburgh and Gloucester are seen on the right, and facing the camera in the background are Mr. Churchill, Mr. Attlee and other notable figures in public life. On the left are the Service Chiefs. Members of women's organisations, including W.R.A.C.s and W.R.E.N.s took part in the ceremonial.

On right—

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WATCHED THE CENOTAPH SERVICE FROM A BALCONY OF THE HOME OFFICE: Princess Marie Louise; the Duchess of Gloucester; Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; Crown Prince Olaf of Norway; and Princess Margaret at the ceremony. The Queen Mother's wreath was placed in position by her Private Secretary, Captain Dawnay. There was also a wreath from Queen Mary.

AMID THE CHEERS AND GREETINGS OF LONDON'S CITIZENS AND OFFICE WORKERS, THE NEW LORD MAYOR, SIR RUPERT DE LA BÈRE, SETS OUT FROM THE MANSION HOU E EN ROUTE TO THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE IN THE STRAND: From the very start of the procession the Lord Mayor's Show moved with military precision, t e three fighting Services and Home Defence Services taking pride of place. This year twelve bands took part in the Show, with the band of the Grenadier Guar s leading the 900-yards-long procession. At the rear were the State coaches of the Sheriffs and the retiring Lord Mayor, the other City dignitaries riding in salo n motor-cars. Sir Rupert de la Bère was greeted at the Law Courts by the State trumpeters, and again as he emerged after making his statutory declaration of off .

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW IN A NEW FORM

The Three Fighting Services, Accompanied by their Bands, Take Pride of Place in the Curtailed Procession from London's Guildhall to the Royal Courts of Justice

Last Monday Londoners saw the Lord Mayor's Show in a new and possibly more acceptable form, a greatly abbreviated form, extending over a distance of 900 yards instead of the mile or more of days gone by. The result was less congestion in the streets of the city and in the West End. The essentials of the great procession were preserved, however, and the new Lord Mayor, Sir Rupert de la Bère, M.P., Alderman of Tower, who was officially installed last Saturday, rode in the famous and now refurbished coach, with the City Marshal riding ahead and pikemen of the Honourable Artillery Company marching on the flank and in the rear. Included among the twelve bands in the procession were those of the Grenadier Guards and the Royal Fusiliers, and there were two Women's bands, those of the W.R.A.C. and the W.R.A.F. Altogether, 2,600 troops took part in this great parade wh being held in the lunch hour, attracted large crowds into streets both during the outward drive to the Law Courts and return journey to the Mansion House. Last Saturday, wh n Sir Rupert was officially installed, a luncheon was held at Mansion House, at which the retiring Lord Mayor and new Lord Mayor acted as joint hosts.

AT THE REAR OF THE PROCESSION CAME THE NEWLY REFURBISHED COACH, WITH THE CITY MARSHAL RIDING AHEAD AND PIKEMEN OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY MARCHING ON THE FLANK AND IN THE REAR: *Left*—The coach setting out from Guildhall and (*on right*) the new Lord Mayor acknowledging the greetings of the crowd, some of whom had been waiting for several hours. Driving with the Lord Mayor were the Sword Bearer, the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, and the Sergeant-at-Arms.

GALE HAVOC IN THE RIVER THAMES, AND AT SEA

Some of the Shipping Disasters which Occurred as a Result of a Fierce Early November Gale

...OTHER VICTIM OF THE EARLY ...VEMBER GALE : Tugs stand by ... 9,000-ton Cunard liner *Asia* ...er she had been driven into ...mes mud off Blackwall Reach ...ing the night of the gale. ... ship was refloated during the ...rse of the next afternoon. ...*a* had disembarked passengers ... Southampton and is not ...ught to have been damaged.

...n right—

...KING SHELTER AT DOVER : ...er thirty ships can be seen in ...his picture as they sheltered ...om strong north winds in the Folkestone and Dover area. The gale was the most widespread and severe over the British Isles for a long time, wind speeds of 94 m.p.h. being reported in Shropshire, 90 m.p.h. at Tynemouth and 64 m.p.h. on the roof of the Air Ministry in London.

On right—

THE WRECK OF THE PANAMANIAN STEAMER "FAUSTUS" BLOCKS ROTTERDAM HARBOUR : The 6,379-ton steamer was dashed on to the north mole at the Hook of Holland by the force of the gale and then sank, partly blocking the waterway to Rotterdam. The crew abandoned the ship before the seas carried her over the mole into the fairway. The wreck stopped all the port's shipping traffic for a time, the waterway later being opened to one-way traffic for all ships except big tankers and passenger liners. In addition to blocking the waterway the *Faustus* crashed into the pier, causing a hole of about 50 yards. Bad weather prevented divers from going down to inspect the ship until the next day, when British naval salvage ships were expected to arrive to help clear the approaches to the harbour.

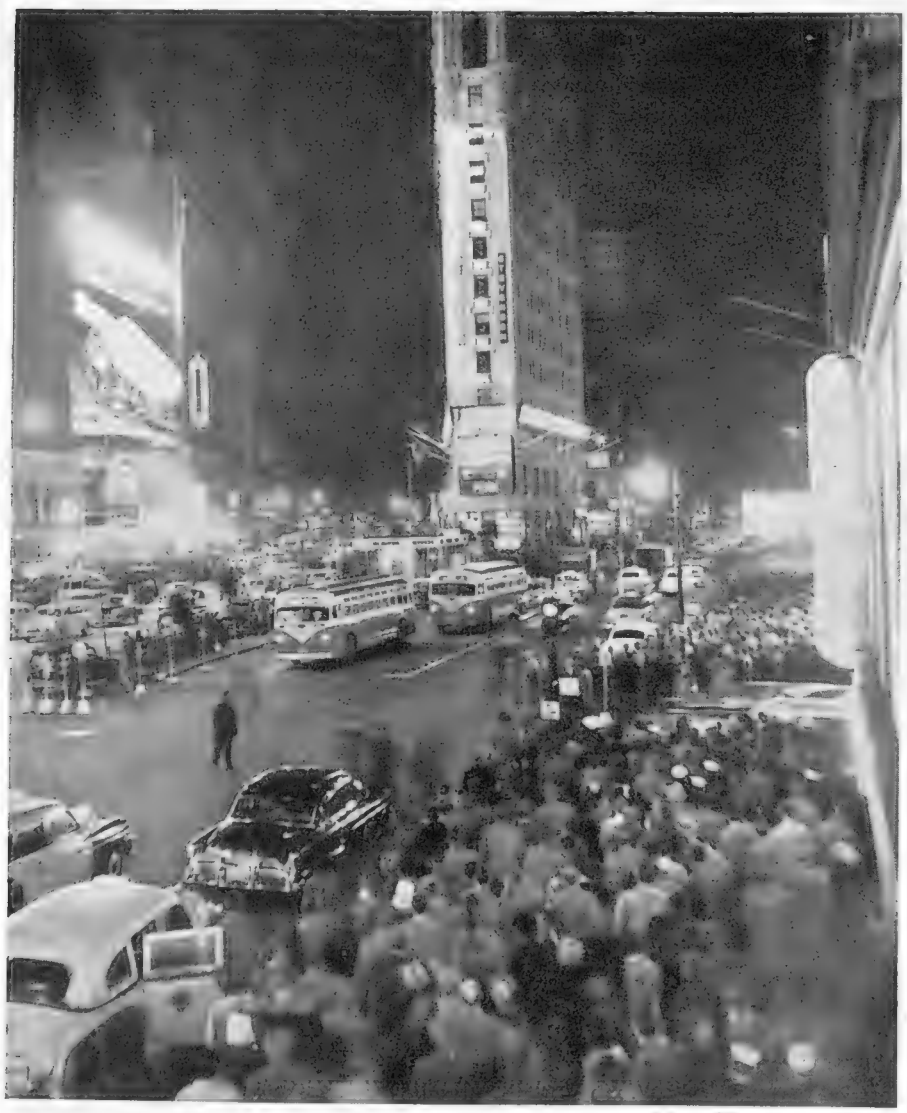
THE MOTOR-VESSEL "ALIGNITY" IS BLOWN ASHORE AT GREENHITHE BY THE FIERCE GALE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE MONTH : The motor-vessel, the property of F. T. Everard, of Greenhithe, was one of more than a dozen vessels torn from their moorings in the River Thames during the gale which swept over the country towards the end of last week. In the foreground of this picture is a yacht which was blown on to the foreshore. The gale was exceptionally severe in the English Channel, and the lifeboats stationed along the South Coast answered many calls of distress from crippled ships at sea. Just before dawn on Friday of last week the Margate lifeboat was launched in the face of an 80-m.p.h. gale after distress flares had been reported by the mid-Barrow light-vessel.

AS STEVENSON CONCEDED VICTORY TO EISENHOWER

The Last Hectic Moments of the United States Election; Scenes in Springfield and New York

GENERAL DWIGHT EISENHOWER ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS OF HIS RAPTUROUS SUPPORTERS WHEN IN FULL EVENING DRESS HE MADE AN EARLY MORNING APPEARANCE IN THE BALLROOM OF THE COMMODORE HOTEL, NEW YORK: When this picture was taken Eisenhower, after hours of watching the figures as they mounted in his favour, had just heard that Governor Stevenson had conceded the victory in the Presidential Election. Already Eisenhower had prodigious leads in many States, with California and New York safely in his pocket, and the hardly less populous State of Pennsylvania almost safe. Thus Eisenhower brought to an end the twenty-year reign of the Democrats in Washington, and it meant for his own jubilant supporters the spoils of a victory which earlier in the campaign seemed to be eluding them. Although Eisenhower won this big personal victory, it was to be noted that the battle for Congress was more evenly waged.

THE TICKER-TAPE RECEPTION FOR EISENHOWER AS HE DESCENDED TO THE BALLROOM OF THE COMMODORE HOTEL: This is how the Republican supporters greeted him. The Commodore Hotel was the scene of a giant party in which the Republicans greeted each set of returns with wild jubilation. From the outset the swing to Eisenhower was unmistakable.



MANY PEOPLE WATCHED THE ELECTION RESULTS COME THROUGH IN TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK: On this illuminated thermometer they saw the votes for Eisenhower soar to the summit, leaving the votes for Stevenson lagging millions behind. Never in the history of the United States has one man received such a great plurality of votes.

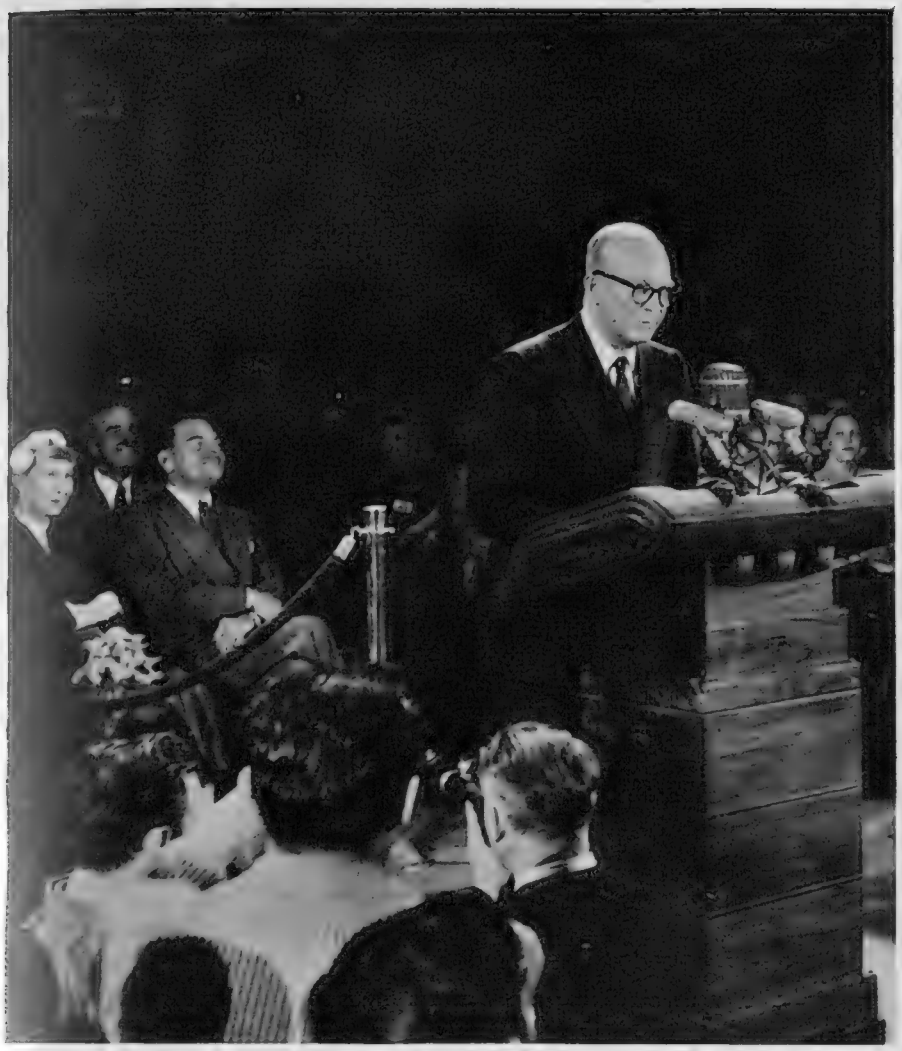
THE VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT IS GREETED IN LOS ANGELES: Richard Nixon, running mate with Eisenhower, arriving with Mrs. Nixon at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, where they received an enthusiastic greeting before taking part in a television victory programme. Nixon emerged from the fight with his popularity much enhanced, and television was the key to his success.

On right—

A GALLANT LOSER ADMITS THAT HE HAS LOST THE DAY: Governor Stevenson making his radio speech from Springfield, Illinois, telling his opponent that he conceded the victory. The time was 6.43 a.m. (G.M.T.). Stevenson, for all his liberalism, won only the traditionally Democratic Southern States. Apparently his spate of oratory had no influence on the people in face of the personal popularity of Eisenhower.

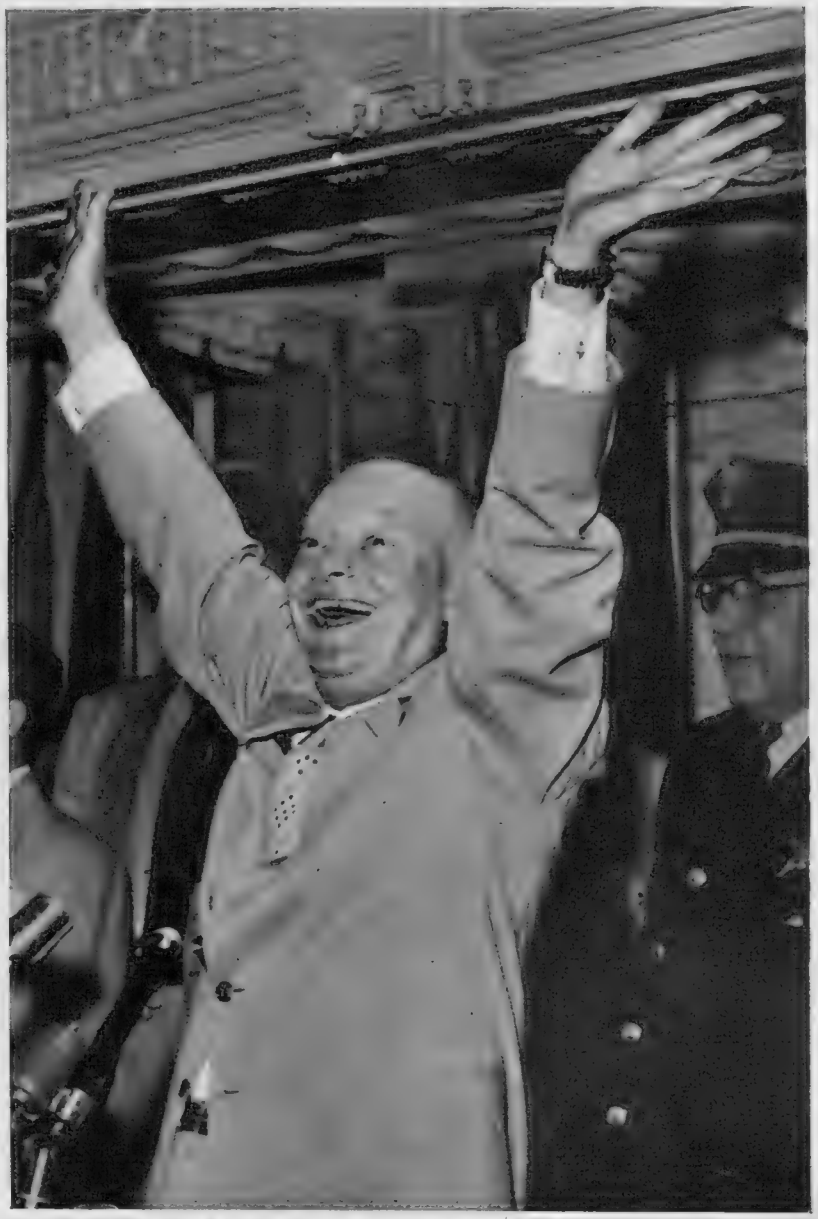
EISENHOWER TO BE 34TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

The War-time Leader Who Has Scored a Personal Triumph at the Polls in a Landslide Election



THE FIRST REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR TWENTY YEARS: General Dwight Eisenhower, who in January will enter the White House to succeed Mr. Truman. Seated behind him in this picture is Thomas Dewey, Governor of New York, who twice sought to win the Presidency, but was foiled, first by Roosevelt and then by Truman.

It is a long time since a General occupied the White House—sixty-four years, to be exact, but Generals are no strangers to the highest American office. General Eisenhower was born in a small frame house at Denison, Texas, in October 1890, a house that is now a museum in honour of the soldier hero of the Second World War. As a youth Eisenhower was reared in Abilene, Kansas, and as a young man he went to West Point Military Academy, where he was apparently not a big success. Doggedness of character has been one of his outstanding virtues during his progress through the ranks of the Army to Supreme Command, and there is no doubt that that will stand him in good stead now that he is the leader of the nation. Mamie Eisenhower, America's First Lady, is already an immensely popular figure in the United States, and the way she supported her husband during the long campaign testified to the fact that she shares his abounding health and robustness of constitution. There could, indeed, be no more ideally suited couple, and now, after thirty-six years of married life, of living for the most part according to Army routine, they must prepare themselves for the even more exacting routine of the White House.



THE CAMPAIGN BEGINS WITH A "V" SIGN: General Eisenhower acknowledging an ovation after he had won the Republican nomination for the Presidency at Chicago in July, a victory he won in the face of a determined and skilfully co-ordinated campaign by Senator Taft. From July to November people in all parts of America were treated to displays of the Eisenhower "V" sign achieved with arms (not fingers) outstretched in ecstatic greeting.

"IKE" AND MAMIE, WHOSE CAMPAIGNING TOGETHER OVER 44,000 MILES OF TERRAIN TESTIFIED TO THEIR ROBUST HEALTH AND UNFLAGGING ENERGY: Both these pictures were taken at the end of the campaign, that *on the left* as the candidate and his wife arrived for a television broadcast, and that *on the right* as the President-to-be entered a polling booth in New York to record his own vote. In this booth voting was by lever; but in many States the ballot paper is still employed.

b

ALLIED SUBMARINES FORGATHER IN MALTA FOR THE BIG N.A.T.O. EXERCISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN : Gathered in the inner basin of Msida Creek are seen (on left) H.M.S. *Trump* and H.M.S. *Talent*. In the foreground is H.M.S. *Token*, with the French submarines *L'Africaine* and *Mille*. Ahead of them lie H.M.S. *Trenchant* with the Greek submarines *Pipinos* and *Agronaftis*. The submarines forgathered in Malta before the start of Exercise "Long Step," the naval, air and amphibious manœuvres which have been held between Gibraltar and the Dardanelles with the participation of six of the N.A.T.O. countries—the United Kingdom, the United States, France, Italy, Greece and Turkey. The exercise has been under the direction of Admiral Carney, Commander-in-Chief Allied Forces, Southern Europe. This was the first time that Greece and Turkey had collaborated in a N.A.T.O. combined operation of this character since they entered the Organisation. Forces taking part included 170 ships and 500 aircraft, in addition to Army and Marine units. It was estimated that in all about 100,000 men were engaged.

NEWS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

EXERCISE "LONG STEP" IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—THE BREAK WITH PERSIA—WILD DAYS AT ZAGREB—THE PASSING OF W. M. HUGHES—THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN HONG KONG

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAIKATO POWER CHAIN IN NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND : This great blast of dynamite temporarily diverted the river to facilitate construction work on yet another new dam and power station on the Waikato. Altogether ten stations are being built on the Waikato, each using the same water, and when they are completed the total output of electric power will be over 1,000,000 h.p., helping measurably to meet New Zealand's power needs on the farms and in her growing secondary industries. In the long-term view, however, the Dominion will probably come to rely more and more on geo-thermal power, and her scientists have been investigating in detail the harnessing of this natural steam, notably at Wairakei and Te Keko.

THE LAST OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY STAFF LEAVE TEHERAN : Mr. Middleton, the British Chargé d'Affaires, and his party breakfasting at the roadside during the first stage of their journey from the capital across the Persian frontier to Bagdad, Damascus and Beirut. The thirty-four members of the British Embassy staff travelled with their luggage in a convoy of cars and lorries.

On November 1 Mr. George Middleton, the British Chargé d'Affaires, left Teheran with the rest of the Embassy staff, and thus all direct diplomatic relations were broken off between Persia and Britain, all further negotiations being carried out through the Swiss Legation. On November 5 Mr. Middleton and his party were in Bagdad, where they stated that all facilities for the transit of their convoy through Persia had been granted. The staff were hospitably received in Iraq, and Mr. Middleton, accompanied by Sir John Troutbeck, the British Ambassador, called on Jamal Baban, the acting Foreign Minister, to express his thanks for a courteous reception. From Bagdad the convoy's route lay through Damascus to the Mediterranean coast at Beirut. Before leaving Teheran Mr. Middleton created a sensation by refusing to accept a message from Dr. Mossadek to the British people. The National Front newspapers immediately blazed forth that Mr. Middleton had received last-minute instructions from Mr. Eden not to accept the message. The message, which was submitted to Mr. Middleton by the Deputy Foreign Minister, was described by the Persian Press as "a friendly message from Dr. Mossadek to the British people aimed at opening the eyes of the British people to the injustice and atrocities committed by British colonial policy in Persia." The message itself was published in Persian newspapers and it was noted that it gave an assurance that after the British diplomatic staff's departure from Persia no difficulties would be created for British nationals, whether merchants or travellers, and that sincere and friendly relations between the two nations would be continued. The message ended on a harsher note, however, with attacks on the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company.

MARSHAL TITO AT THE YUGOSLAV COMMUNIST PARTY'S CONGRESS AT ZAGREB : The Yugoslav leader opened the Congress, the first since the break with the Cominform, and took the opportunity of reviewing the party's development outside the Soviet orbit during the past four years. Finally he defined the ideological position of the Yugoslavian Communists.

Marshal Tito's report to the Sixth Congress of the Communist Party was full of interest, notably in its assertion of the Russian betrayal of Socialism, in its insistence that the break between Russia and Yugoslavia was complete. All this, however, was as nothing to the uproar in the Congress when Mr. Djurich, the Secretary-General of the Federal Government and a former partisan General, attacked the morals of Mr. Stambulich, the Premier of Serbia. At the end of a confused speech, which drew cries of "Enough" from the delegates, Mr. Djurich emphasised the necessity for a high standard of moral conduct within the party and said that the leaders must set a good example.

THE SIXTH CONGRESS OF THE YUGOSLAV COMMUNIST PARTY : Dr. Bakanir, Secretary of the Communist Party of Croatia, flanked by members of the Politburo for the Central Committee. The Congress was marked by a most extraordinary uproar on the third day, one member attacking the Serbian Premier, Mr. Stambulich, on the grounds of his immoral conduct and of alienating his wife's affections. The accuser was hurried from the hall.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT USES CHOPSTICKS : The Duchess attending a dinner given in her honour by the Chinese community in Hong Kong. This dinner marked the end of a day of public holiday in the Colony in the course of which a special race meeting was organised by Hong Kong Jockey Club.

EGYPT AND THE SUDAN—GENERAL NEGUIB WITH MOHAMMED SALEH EL-SHINGEITI, PRESIDENT OF THE SUDAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, BEFORE SIGNING THE RECENT AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES : The Egyptian Government has approved the establishment of self-government for the Sudan by the end of this year, to be followed within three years by the exercise of the right to self-determination.

Although a number of points remain to be cleared up it is certain that General Neguib's object in respect to the Sudan is to reach an amicable agreement with Britain on a scheme which has the approval of the largest possible number of Sudanese. The General's agreement with Sudanese independence leaders and the Note to the British Ambassador which followed have been generally welcomed in London. Self-government for the Sudan, according to the agreement with Egypt, is to be largely based on the draft Constitution which was to be promulgated by the Governor-General any time after November 8. An important feature is that an international commission, on which Egypt, Britain and the Sudan will be associated with a neutral member, should be set up to advise the Governor-General in the exercise of his special responsibilities.

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF W. M. HUGHES : Cadets of the King's School, Sydney, mounting guard over the body of the former Australian Premier in St. Andrew's Cathedral. Mr. Hughes died in Sydney on October 28. He was a member of the Commonwealth Parliament from its first meeting in 1901 until the time of his death, and as Prime Minister he led Australia through the First World War. Mr. Hughes was a Cabinet Minister for twenty years.

On September 25, 1864, while the American Civil War was still raging, while Britain was still living in a halcyon age of prosperity and Australia was not even upon the threshold of nationhood, William Morris Hughes was born at Llandudno, Wales, and after becoming a pupil teacher at St. Stephen's Church of England School, Westminster, decided at the age of nineteen to try his luck in Australia. To Australia he went without means or prospects, and for three years he wandered from job to job, sometimes acting as a sheep drover, until he at last found his chance in the trade union movement. It fell to Hughes's lot to organise the waterside workers of Sydney, creating a powerful union of which he became secretary-general. In 1894 Hughes was returned as Labour M.P. to the New South Wales Legislature, and he remained in the Legislature until the formation of the Commonwealth in 1901, when he was elected Labour Member for West Sydney. In 1915 Hughes became Prime Minister in succession to Andrew Fisher, whose chief lieutenant he had long been. He held office until 1923. In the opportunities provided by the war, Hughes showed his mettle as a Statesman. Like Lloyd George, a fellow-Welshman, he revealed dynamic qualities and a bold imagination. His trenchant and impassioned speeches were an inspiration to the Commonwealth in the midst of crisis. His personality had many strange contradictions, and in the years that followed, Hughes broke with his old friends and supporters. To the end he retained the affection of the Australian people.

ITALIAN ORNAMENTS FOR A BRAZILIAN CATHEDRAL

A Team of Italian and Foreign Artists Prepare In Italy the Internal Decorations for the New Cathedral of Sao Paulo

At the present moment in England there are several cathedrals, both Anglican and Roman Catholic, which are being used for Divine Service in spite of the fact that they are only half-finished. Since the beginning of the war only a limited amount of construction has taken place, and it will be a great number of years before the impressive new cathedrals of the twentieth century finally take shape in accordance with the architects' designs. Not so the new Cathedral of Sao Paulo in Brazil, which, it is hoped, will be ready in time for the celebrations in 1954 in connection with the fourth centenary of the foundation of the city.

Begun in 1912, the Cathedral of Sao Paulo is destined to become the largest Christian temple in the American continent. It will have a length of about 315 ft., a height of approximately 189 ft., and an approximate width of 126 ft. In order to make the Cathedral ready for the celebrations on January 25, 1954, the feast day of the Conversion of St. Paul, orders for the interior decorations and ornaments have been sent abroad and workshops in Rome, Milan and Ravenna are now working at full speed in order to ship the "goods" by September 1, 1953. The work in the Italian workshops began in January last year, and already one-third of the order has been completed. In charge of the work is Giuseppe Saverio Giacomini of Rome, formerly in charge of important artistic works in Brazil. His first difficulty of adapting modern art to the austere Gothic lines of the new cathedral was overcome when architect Bruno Apollonj-Ghetti, one of the discoverers of the Tomb of St. Peter in the Vatican Grotto, planned monuments and decorations that would uphold the dignity of the building.

Subjects for the architect's designs were carefully chosen by qualified clerical leaders, such as Monsignor Luciano de Bruyne, Director of the Pontifical Institute of Christian Archæology, and the Rev. Ermanno Gambie, a Vatican theologist, who is responsible for most of the ornaments and figures. Then came the difficulty of selecting artists for the work, but Giacomini was fortunate in securing the services of several artists qualified in the field of sacred art. He has also been assisted by Deoclesio Redig de Campos, a Brazilian art critic at present in charge of the "modern era" section of the Vatican Museum. Altogether more than 100 large and small figures in bronze and precious marble, 4 altars, 30 stained-glass windows, 83 bas-reliefs and many mosaics have been designed. For the figures and monuments the craftsmen are using the yellow marble of Siena, Porta Santa, malachite, onix, lapis lazuli and the ancient porphyry marble.

Pope Pius XII, who has been presented with an album illustrating the future aspect of the new Cathedral, has expressed his admiration to the architects and designers of the internal decorations.

PREPARING THE MARBLE FOR THE INTERIOR OF THE LARGEST CHRISTIAN TEMPLE IN THE AMERICAN CONTINENT: This picture taken in the Bruni Marble studio in Rome, shows craftsmen engaged in the task of making ornaments for the new Cathedral of Sao Paulo in Brazil. In the centre is the large porphyry basin which will form part of the baptismal font. Some of the other slabs in the room include Carrara and yellow marble from Siena.

ANGELS IN CHALK: Sculptor Francesco Nagri puts finishing touches to three chalk models of angels which, when finished in bronze, will adorn the altar of the Holy Sacrament. In the background is a panel for the same chapel.

USING ELECTRICALLY-DRIVEN TOOLS IN THE STUDIO: The craftsmen are seen preparing the sculptures which will form the four balustrades of the font.

THE DESIGN FOR ONE OF THE THIRTY STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS: The design in the background depicts some forty scenes. In the foreground Lorenzo Micheli Gigotti is seen studying the design of one of his five windows. Gigotti is also the architect of a large mosaic for the altar of St. Ann.

THE MODEL OF THE HIGH ALTAR, AND IN THE BACKGROUND THE PARTLY FINISHED ARTICLE: The scale model allows for a high baldachin, with the crucifix placed above the Tabernacle. The altar in the background is decorated with ten bronze figures enclosed in niches ornamented with twelve malachite columns. The body of the altar is made of three monoliths of yellow Siena marble, and decorated with bronze bas-reliefs. The crucifix in the centre is 6 ft. high and entirely in malachite.

A GENERAL VIEW OF CONSTRUCTION WORK BEING CARRIED OUT AT NOUASSEUR, NEAR CASABLANCA, ON ONE OF THE FIVE NEW AIRFIELDS FOR THE AMERICAN AIR FORCE IN FRENCH MOROCCO : A new apron site is being constructed alongside an 11,000-ft. runway, which is seen in the upper half of the picture. Morocco has emerged as one of the principal air bases of N.A.T.O. Work on the airfields there began in April 1951, and by the summer of this year three of them were operating.

AMERICAN AIRFIELDS IN MOROCCO

At a Cost of 500,000,000 Dollars Five Great Air Bases are Being Built in French Morocco for the U.S. Air Force

Three of the five American air bases under construction in French Morocco, as part of the N.A.T.O. plan for the defence of the Western Hemisphere, are already in use and are fully capable of handling any type of aircraft in existence or planned. Congress approved the scheme for these bases soon after the Korean war broke out, the cost to be between 300,000,000 and 500,000,000 dollars.

A single contract—the "biggest ever" even by American reckoning—was awarded without delay to five corporations—Morrison-Knudsen, Bates and Rogers, Ralph E. Mills, Blythe Bros. and Nello L. Teer—which formed the now famous Atlas Construction Company, to carry out the scheme.

Sites were found for five bases at Nouasseur, near Casablanca, Sidi Slimane, near Port Lyautey, Ben Guerir, near Marrakesh, Boulhaut, also near Casablanca, and Ej Djema Sahim, near Safi, and operations were pressed forward with such speed that American strategic bombers from England were landing on the 11,000-ft. runways at Nouasseur and Sidi Slimane by the beginning of this year. These runways were laid down in 86 and 66 days respectively.

In August a Senate Preparedness sub-Committee alleged that the construction of the bases had become a fiasco. Air Force authorities were reported to have admitted that two of the new runways had original constructional defects, but it is said that these faults have since been remedied.

During the next twelve months the 4,000 Americans engaged on building the bases will have gone back home, but their place will be taken by the U.S. Air Force personnel, whose number, as agreed between the American and French Governments, will be nearly 10,000, excluding wives, children and civilian employees.

THE LIVING QUARTERS AT THE SIDI SLIMANE AIR BASE, IN FRENCH MOROCCO : All around the bare desert stretches away to the horizon. The temperature here rises to 140 deg. F.

AN AMERICAN TECHNICIAN DIRECTING LOCAL LABOUR AT SIDI SLIMANE : The men are laying a hard volley-ball court as part of the recreation facilities for the Americans.

THE GREAT NEW HANGAR BEING BUILT ON ONE OF THE AMERICAN AIRFIELDS IN FRENCH MOROCCO : In the foreground a team of Frenchmen, Americans and Arab labourers is seen at work. The hangar, covering 196,000 sq. ft., will be one of the world's largest, capable of housing four B-36 bombers.

BUILDING THE CONTROL TOWER AT SIDI SLIMANE AIRFIELD : The construction of the control tower began last month and it is expected to be finished by next January.

CARDIFF'S CIVIC CENTRE FROM THE ROOF OF THE PRUDENTIAL BUILDING : No single view can possibly do justice either to the lay-out of this fine Civic Centre or to the buildings themselves. As can be seen from the photograph on page 276, the buildings seen in this picture present only one side of a square area through which pass two wide avenues well planted with trees. The view embraces in the centre—The City Hall ; on the left—the two south-east towers of the Law Courts, and on the right—the dome of the National Museum of Wales. The City Hall and Law Courts were erected in 1904 and superseded the old Town Hall which was built in 1861 in St. Mary Street.

LOOKING SOUTH ACROSS THE CITY HALL AND OVER THE TOP OF THE NEW PRUDENTIAL BUILDING TO THE MAIN SHOPPING CENTRE : The long wall on the right of this picture forms part of Cardiff Castle. The Castle and its 400 acres of ground were presented to the citizens of Cardiff in 1947.

CARDIFF:

Cardiff in the year 1801 was still a small country town with fewer than 2,000 inhabitants, and its phenomenal growth in the nineteenth century was almost entirely due to the iron and coal industry. In the years 1801 to 1851 the population of Cardiff increased to 18,000 ; it would doubtless have been more but for the fact that the canal system of transport between the coal-mines of the hinterland and the port of Cardiff was not adequate to the needs of the new industry and development was held in check. In 1840-41 the canal was largely superseded by the Taff Railway from Cardiff to Merthyr, and from then on expansion was seemingly limitless and the position of Cardiff as the premier coal-exporting port was assured. By 1913 Cardiff was exporting 10,500,000 tons of coal a year, and later the figure reached 12,000,000 tons. It was obvious even then that Cardiff's dependence on one or two major industries might one day prove a liability, and so it turned out in the dark days between the wars when the coal trade shrank alarmingly, and in most pits the men were on short time, often for years on end. To-day Cardiff is by no means on the crest of a prosperity wave, but thanks to her more balanced industrial output, the foundation of a changed industrial pattern in the mid-'thirties, the creation of new and diverse industries, she can face up to things as never before. This new pattern was well exemplified when last September Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Home Secretary and Minister for Welsh Affairs, visited the Welsh Industries Fair at the Sophia Gardens Pavilion, Cardiff.

In his speech at the time, Sir David commented on the fact that more than 450 new firms had established themselves in Wales since the war, and he went into some detail regarding the broadening basis of Welsh industry, showing how notably the Principality is contributing to National Defence and to the export drive. In the following article Jack Jones, author and playwright, whose home is in Rhiwbina, Cardiff, gives his own personal impression of Cardiff, the Welsh industrial capital. It is a city, he says, that stands in no need of boosting. All it asks is to be seen and perceived.

A CITY more famous for the export of coal than for anything else somehow conveyed, in and with cargoes of "black diamonds" to all parts of the world, the impression that it was as grim and dirty and smoky a place as any in South Wales. The pleased surprise of overseas visitors to Cardiff is in itself evidence which proves that

A SOCCER INTERNATIONAL AT NINIAN PARK : This is the moment some the grandstand and are lined up on the field. In a second or a Welsh crowd of this magnitude singing "Land of My Fathers"

THE DUKE STREET AND QUEEN STREET JUNCTION: This might be considered the "West End" of Cardiff. On a Thursday afternoon when the shops close early up in the coal-mining valleys, the people surge down to Cardiff, to shop, to see the sights and, naturally enough, to "do a show." During the forenoon of a large Soccer match, and particularly, of course, on the occasion of an International, this street intersection is thronged. St. Mary Street is the other main shopping street of the city.

THE WELSH INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL—By JACK JONES

To-day it is the Heart of a Highly-industrialised Area no Longer Entirely Dependent upon the Prosperity of Two or Three Major Industries

WITH DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER, R.W.S., R.O.I., AND A MAP BY L. S. HAYWOOD

a wrong impression of the Welsh Coalopolis has for long been held in their respective countries.

Instead of the grim and dirty city of their expectations, these visitors from abroad find themselves in one of the world's cleanest and most attractive cities, in the heart of which not a sign of basic or heavy industry can be discerned. The large influx of people from elsewhere, in Cardiff shopping most days of the week, see nothing but the fine sights and shops as they walk the crowded pavements of Queen Street, Duke Street and St. Mary Street. The huge Saturday crowds for football and the less emotional crowds for county cricket see few signs of industrial might on their way to and from Cardiff Arms Park, Ninian Park or Maindy Stadium.

Yet Cardiff was, and still is, the industrial capital of Wales It is also a little gem of a city which has compelled a people's admiration but has not yet been recognised as the national capital of Wales for reasons connected with the Welsh language and culture, as expressed through the annual National Eisteddfod, last held at Cardiff in 1938.

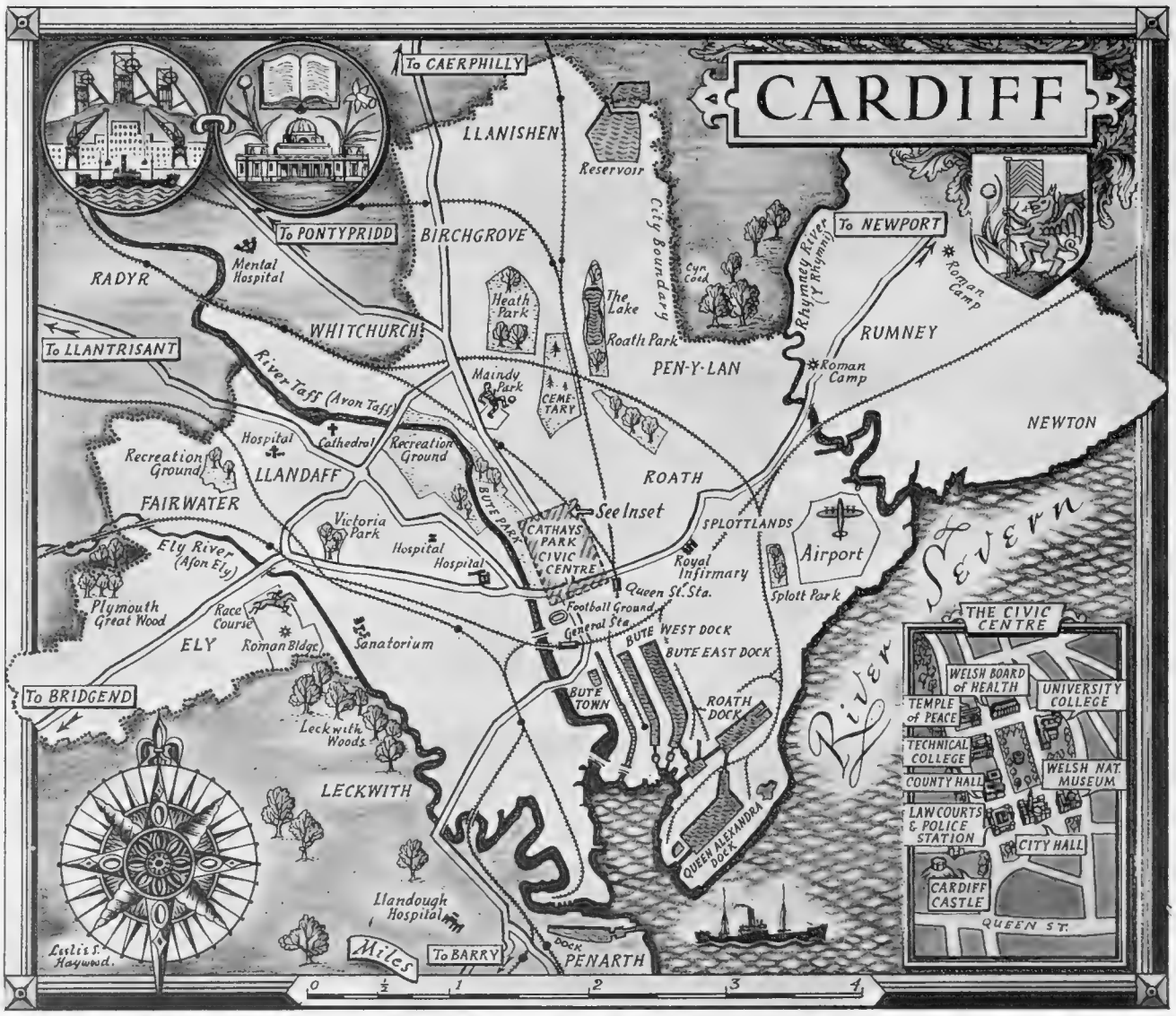
Cosmopolitan Cardiff, according to supporters of the claims of North and mid-Wales towns, has no real claim to the honour of being made capital of Wales. Not so long ago, they point out, Cardiff was only . . . but we must stick to the facts.

Ancient Cardiff was occupied by the Romans and after many centuries suffered under Norman rule, and all that, so history tells us. Modern Cardiff, a capitalist creation owing little or nothing to any other "ism" or to what is called the Welfare State, was born in 1800, and the Glamorganshire Canal was the midwife that brought

(*Continued on following pages*)

60,000 people have been waiting for. The players have emerged from two the band will strike up the Welsh National Anthem, and to hear is an experience that is never forgotten in a whole lifetime.

CASTELL COCH, IN ITS ROMANTIC SETTING ABOVE THE RIVER TAFF, GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE GORGE NEAR TAFF'S WELL: It is one of many castles within easy reach of the City of Cardiff. Not far distant is Caerphilly. The Welsh coast, too, was well fortified with castles during Norman times.



CARDIFF, THE WELSH INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL ASTRIDE THE RIVER TAFF: In this sketch-map Leslie S. Haywood shows some of the main features of the city, which, despite its long association with the coal trade and with heavy industry, is one of the most beautiful of British cities. In very early days Cardiff was known as Rhath Taff—the fort on the Taff—and later it became a Roman maritime station, built to defend the Julian Maritime Way. To-day the population of Cardiff is about 250,000, and it covers an area of over 17,000 acres. The city has a remarkable number of fine parks and open spaces for its size.

CARDIFF

THE WELSH INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL

(*Continued from previous page*)

Cardiff into the industrial world in which it was destined to play such an important part.

Cardiff in 1800 was beginning to realise that it was the natural outlet for the "black diamonds" of the world's richest coalfield. There was a growing hunger for Welsh coal the world over, a hunger which could not be satisfied, a demand which could not be met. The coal for which there was a growing demand came in barges down the narrow canal to Cardiff. Slow but sure horses drew the barges at little faster than a snail's pace along the twenty-five miles from Merthyr to Cardiff, and the delays at the canal's many locks drove the iron and coal kings of the time to despair, and one, who shall remain nameless, to drink.

The canal, which for a time had been sufficient to meet requirements, became a bottle-neck and a terrible pain in the neck to the industrialists. In the Merthyr district alone there were four of the world's largest ironworks and upwards of a score collieries. Hill's Plymouth Works, Guest's Dowlais Works, Crawshay's Cyfarthfa Works and Homfray's Penydarren Works, with the collieries which were being developed, made Merthyr the iron and coal capital of the world, with which its only connection was the one and only narrow and congested canal. If Merthyr and district and the South Wales coalfield as a whole was to play its part in world expansion and development, then something had to be done by someone without delay.

But the first quarter of the nineteenth century had been allowed to pass before the nobleman resident in Cardiff Castle risked his all in the making of a dock at Cardiff capable of accommodating shipping calling for Welsh coal. It was not usual for noblemen who were also great landowners to risk their entire fortune on the provision of export facilities for industrialists, but the second Marquess of Bute saw further than his nose. The first Bute Dock, completed and opened for ocean-going traffic in 1839, was the firm foundation of modern Cardiff, the little coal-fed town which was to become a fine city and the industrial capital of Wales. John, third Marquess of Bute, carried on from where his father left off. During his minority and throughout his life the third Marquess was served by men of vision, men devoted to his interests to the exclusion of the interests of others, such men as John Boyle and W. T. Lewis, who ended up as Lord Merthyr. Under their management of his lordship's affairs two more Bute docks were made, and their making was the coming-of-age of modern Cardiff.

For the making of these docks inspired the making of railways to connect them with the works and collieries of the South Wales coalfield.

Yet the cry was for more and more docks, for ocean shipping bound east for Cardiff for cargoes of coal had to lie anchored outside for days before berths became available in one or other of the three Bute docks.

THE WEST DOCK, CARDIFF: Although obviously not the most consequential of Cardiff's spacious docks, where excellent facilities are available for handling ships of any size, whether severally or in fleets, the West Dock is the most historic. It was the first dock to handle the wealth of "black diamonds" which flowed down from the valleys. To-day, the old dock is overshadowed by new docks, with their large cold-storage facilities, coal hoists and batteries of electric cranes. Yet the West Dock remains, and here trawlers with their jaunty lines and knock-about character, the picturesque Norwegian Church in the background, give the artist greater encouragement than that presented by adjacent basins.

CARDIFF CASTLE—THE GREAT KEEP STANDING IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY AND IN 400 ACRES OF BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS: Cardiff Castle, which now belongs to the citizens and is administered by the Corporation, offers a unique historical object-lesson. From the first century A.D., when the Romans established their fort, the site has been in almost continuous occupation, and if the visitor enters by the gateway from Castle Street, works may be seen covering a period of very nearly twenty centuries.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MODERN CARDIFF: *Left*—The Traveller's Rest on Thornhill. This attractive little thatched inn is at the summit of a steep incline on the Caerphilly Road and a favourite resort of Cardiff strollers. From here on a clear day extensive views across Cardiff and the Bristol Channel can be obtained, with the Somerset shore and the Mendips in the far distance. *Right*—A road in East Whitchurch. This is typical of the suburbs, which fan out on the northern side of the city.

The Butes and their agents were under constant pressure and severe criticism from colliery owners demanding greater facilities for the export of coal from Cardiff.

"The Bute Estate has the South Wales coal trade by the scruff of the neck!" cried many a discontented colliery owner, one of the most powerful of whom led others in rebellion against what they called "the Bute dictatorship." David Davies, of the Ocean Collieries, was mainly responsible for the making of the huge dock at Barry and for the railway which connected it with the coalfield.

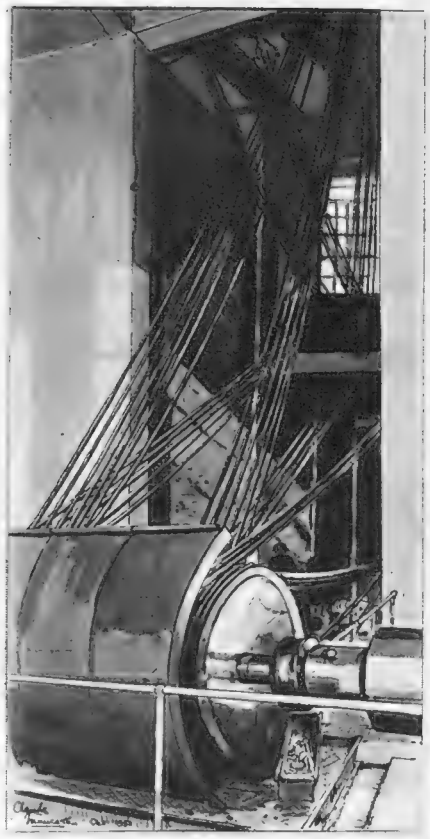
This was accomplished in face of long and bitter opposition from the Bute Estate and the Taff Vale Railway, parent railway of South Wales, but after it had been made there was still plenty of coal coming down to the sea from the hills to keep the docks busy.

Whilst all this was going on people flocked to Cardiff from all parts, and names and descriptive expressions began to emerge from the ruck, such expressions as "merchant prince" and "leading docksman." Family fortunes were being founded by men who for a time after coming to Cardiff worked at all sorts of jobs before they began to "handle" coal in what were called "small parcels." Before long some of these middlemen were "handling" shiploads of best Welsh coal, disposing of it at so much per ton.

Names growing famous in shipping at Cardiff at this time are now too numerous to mention, but one name is still a name to conjure with at Cardiff Docks and throughout the shipping world. The respected name of Reardon-Smith of the shipping line of that name is also the name of the Lecture Theatre, which is one of the finest gems of Cardiff's Civic Centre. Not far distant is the Cory Hall, which is a reminder of the strong position in time past of the Corys in the South Wales coalfield and at Cardiff Docks.

(*Continued on following pages*)

"HAEC RUINOSA LANDAVENSIS ECCLESIA"—LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL IN ITS POST-WAR RUIN: The cathedral was unfortunately very severely damaged by bombing during the Second World War, and it is now, with the exception of the Lady Chapel and the Presbytery, little more than a shell. Some years must elapse before the structure can be completely restored, though the work of restoration is progressing. Llandaff was included in Cardiff in 1922.



THE ROPE RACE AT SPILLER'S MILL IN CARDIFF DOCKS: A 1,300-h.p. motor drives the flour-grinding units in the mill. The ropes of the race are made from cotton duck, which responds better than any other material to changes in climatic conditions. Spiller's first mill, on the other side of the Bristol Channel, was driven by water.

THE DOUBLE-DECK MARKET IN TRINITY STREET, CARDIFF: This busy scene is enacted every weekday. The range of goods offered is very varied; in fact, "anything from shrimps to teddy bears," declared Mr. Muncaster after completing this drawing.

CARDIFF: THE WELSH INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL

(*Continued from previous page*)

In their time coalowners, coal-exporters and shipowners were all lumped under the heading of "Cardiff's Leading Docksmen," and as such were united against what they honestly believed was bad for the South Wales coal trade and particularly bad for Cardiff, receiver-general for that trade. Not until the mining M.P. affectionately known as "Mabon" had united eight small miners' unions into the powerful South Wales Miners' Federation, with its headquarters at Cardiff, were the miners of South Wales able to meet the colliery owners on more or less equal terms.

But, unfortunately for all concerned, with the bitter memories of many a defeat, of having to accept terms dictated by colliery owners who met at Cardiff. So organised labour throughout South Wales grew to regard Cardiff as a citadel of capitalism, as the place of the whip-hand which for so long had mercilessly lashed the mining community. This anti-capitalist and anti-Cardiff feeling lasted throughout the long industrial war which the nationalisation of the mining industry brought to an end.

The hundred years war between Capital and Labour in the South Wales mining industry were, nevertheless, the years during which Cardiff flowered into the almost perfect example of wise capitalistic civics. The fine city of to-day is an achievement of labour which was directed and inspired by capital; organised Labour had no hand in its creation, for the reason that it was anathema to all Labour leaders with the possible exception of Mabon. Its oldest daily newspaper, founded by the third Marquess of Bute and still going strong, was boycotted by some of the South Wales Labour leaders, who warned their followers against it.

Still the city stands; after a hundred years industrial war and two world wars it stands unashamed of its capitalistic origin and past. It is doubtful whether any future system of society will build a finer city or a pleasanter city in which to live. As far as cities go, Cardiff is on the small side, its population nearly 250,000, but it sheds its beauty over another 500,000 South Walians, with whom it shares its amenities. But work before pleasure, without industry no city can live.

TAFF'S WELL AT THE END OF THE RHONDDA VALLEY—A VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS CARDIFF AND SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND THE GREAT COKE OVEN PLANT AT NANTGARW: **The new Simon-Carves coke oven and by-product plant at Nantgarw is the first of its type to be completed on a new site under nationalisation. The original Nantgarw carbonisation scheme was drawn up by Powell Duffryn Ltd., but it was revised when the National Coal Board took over, because it then became possible to work a larger area of coal.** The erection of the Nantgarw plant has cost about £3,000,000, and it can treat about 1,500 tons of coal per day, but only a few men, working in three shifts of thirty-five, are required to operate it. When the peak load of 1,500 tons is passing through Nantgarw, 1,100 tons of coke are produced, and about 18,000,000 cub. ft. of gas are made available to the surrounding area every day, the three main artery pipes carrying town gas to Pontypridd, Cardiff and Caerphilly. In addition, 40 tons of tar are sent each day to the distillery at Caerphilly, 4 tons of concentrated ammonia to the I.C.I. works at Morristown, where a small amount of sulphur is extracted, and 3,000 gallons come from Nantgarw's benzole plant. The coal for treatment at Nantgarw comes in great measure from the revived Nantgarw pit.

First and foremost then Cardiff Docks, where things are so quiet these days, worse luck. They are there, ready to serve as usefully as in the past, and Cardiff shipping lines, such as the world-famous Reardon-Smith Line, are also ready to serve. But there is no coal for export. The decline in coal exports from Cardiff since the peak year of 1913 is almost incredible, yet the fact has to be faced even at the risk of being called a crier of stinking fish.

In 1913 Cardiff was exporting 1,000,000 tons of coal per month: 12,000,000 tons a year! The docks were busy and the citizens of the young coal-fed city were happy. To-day coal exports from Cardiff are negligible and its citizens are rather doubtful about the future. No longer the Coalopolis it was for a century, Cardiff now waits for something to turn up, something which will give it a lease of life as abundant as it had with King Coal.

To say the city now *waits* for something to turn up is slightly misleading. It works at what it can whilst waiting. Docks, railways and shipping provide employment for several thousands, the steelworks a few thousands. Mills and factories, of which there are upwards of 200, including a large Royal Ordnance factory, between them employ many thousands, but all this is merely chicken-feed in comparison with what Cardiff used to get from coal alone. Still, these factories are helping Cardiff through what is a most difficult transition period.

Governments have also helped by making Cardiff the administrative centre of Glamorgan, the county which has more than half the population of Wales, and in many respects of Wales as a whole. The number

THE BUTE DOCKS, THE KEY TO CARDIFF'S PROSPERITY: The rise of Cardiff in the nineteenth century was due to the export of coal, and Cardiff actually achieved a peak exportation of 12,000,000 tons of coal in a year. Although records of overseas trade carried on at the port date back to medieval times (and there can be little doubt that shipping frequented the port much earlier—probably in the days of the Roman occupation or even before), the history of Cardiff Docks as we know them to-day really begins in the year 1830, when the second Marquess of Bute obtained parliamentary powers for the construction of a dock to cope with the increasing foreign trade of the port, which was, until the opening of this first dock in 1839, entirely dealt with in the lower reaches of the Glamorganshire Canal. This dock was constructed on the entire responsibility of the Marquess of Bute and at his own expense, and its opening gave a great impetus to the trade of Cardiff. In commemoration of the parts played by the Marquesses of Bute in the early days of the port, all the docks at Cardiff are known collectively as the "Bute Docks." The total deep-water area of the Bute Docks is now 165 acres, with a quayage of 35,750 ft., equipped in every detail for handling all classes of traffic.

of Civil Servants now employed in the Cardiff area must run into thousands. Whilst it cannot be said that this army of Civil Servants is in any way responsible for the erroneous impression that most of Cardiff's citizens now live by taking in each other's washing and red-tape, their presence in such large numbers does suggest a top-heaviness in Cardiff's economy. Only an increase in basic and truly productive industry will cure this top-heaviness, this headache from which not only Cardiff has been suffering.

But even whilst suffering from this and other headaches, Cardiff has hopes for the future; hopes which the joy derived from the beauty of the city and just pride in it keeps alive in the hearts of its citizens. This city made by coal and fashioned by men who were of the very backbone of the system of free enterprise is a thing of beauty and their monument. They and their power and glory have passed away, but their city remains, and now we can view a little of their work.

Cardiff Castle, once the seat of power from where the Butes ruled over most of Cardiff and much of the county of Glamorgan, remains a link with all ages back to Roman imperialism. The Castle, with its lovely and extensive grounds, is now the property of Cardiff and its responsibility and pride. Five years ago the Marquess of Bute handed it over with his blessing, and in doing so almost wiped out the bitter memory of the day on which newspaper headlines announced that the Marquess had sold half of Cardiff to a property syndicate. But now that the Butes have left Cardiff, never to return, it has to be admitted that they were, after all, the greatest of the city's benefactors. For in addition to the gift of the Castle and grounds, they made possible the unique lay-out of the world's most beautiful Civic Centre. Sophia Gardens and more than one of Cardiff's many parks the city owes to the Butes, who can truly say that they left Cardiff better than they found it. Had the iron and coal kings done for South Wales what the Butes

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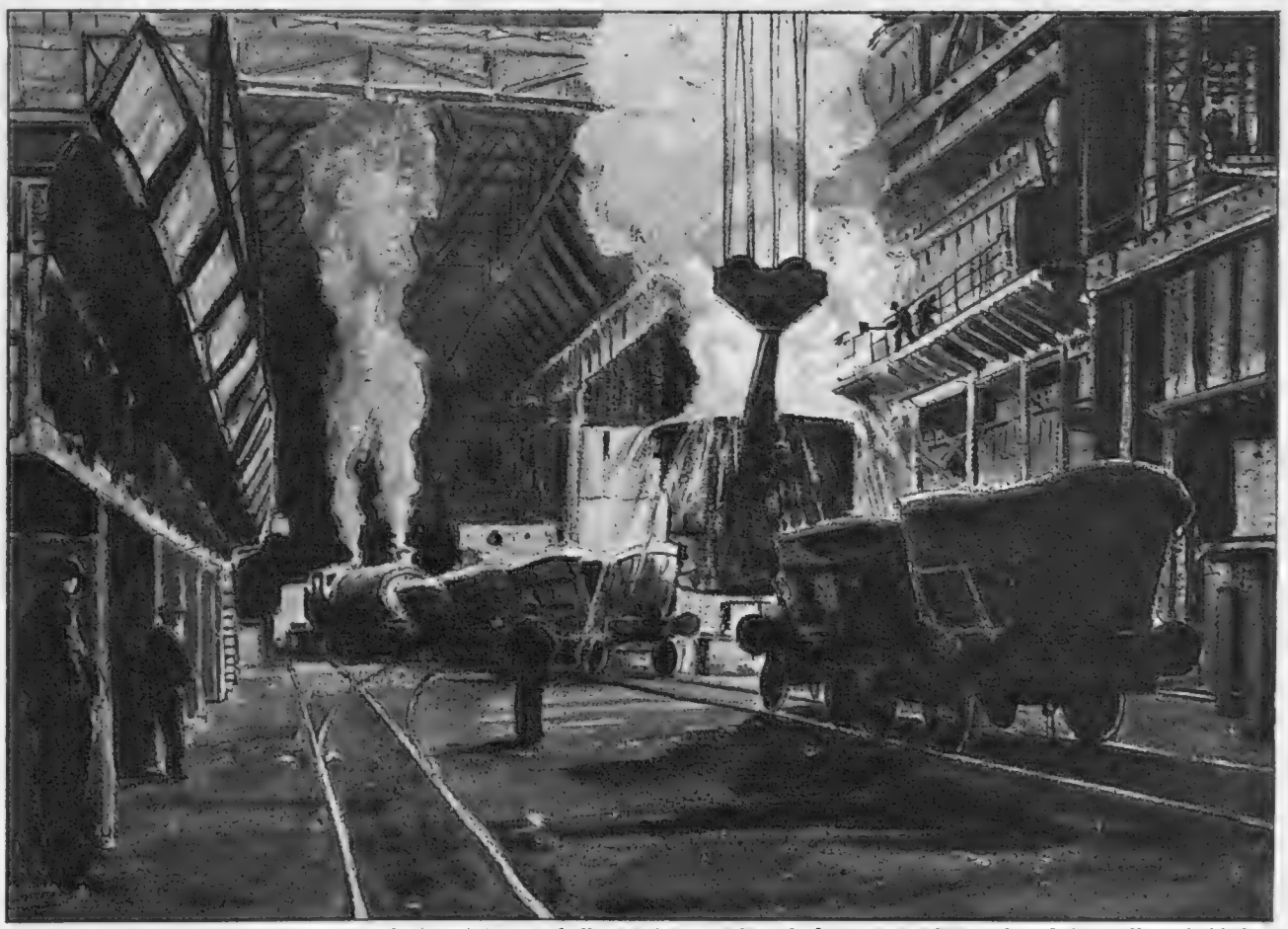


INSIDE A WELSH STEELWORKS: Tapping steel into a ladle at the open-hearth furnace at the works of Guest Keen Baldwins, of East Moor, Cardiff. It is at this stage that alloys are added, and the two men up in the gallery above the ladle are engaged in doing this. In earlier days the industrial structure of Cardiff was largely founded upon coal, with the iron and steel trade coming second. They are still dominant industries, but Cardiff now has a more balanced industrial plan, with light and heavy industry well mingled. At the moment about 7,000 persons are employed in Cardiff's iron and steel industry.

CARDIFF FROM THE NORTH—THE PANORAMA OF CIVIC CENTRE, SHOPPING STREETS AND DOCKLAND: On the right of the picture runs the River Taff, and between the river and the Civic Centre can be seen the keep of Cardiff Castle. The Rugby and Cricket grounds are near the Castle in the heart of the city.

CARDIFF: THE WELSH INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL

(*Concluded from previous page*)

did for Cardiff then—but what the iron and coal kings left undone is more than we have space for here and now.

Cardiff's Civic Centre has been mentioned but not described. It beggars description, anyway; it has to be seen to be believed. To attempt a description in few words would be doing it a gross injustice, so it must be left to the illustrations to inspire people to visit Cardiff and see for themselves what the Civic Centre is like.

They will find much worth seeing in Cardiff, including some of the finest suburbs and housing estates to be found anywhere. These now house the greater part of Cardiff's population. Very few people still live in what were once good-class residential areas close to the heart of the city. Park Place, Charles Street, Dumfries Place, St. Andrew's Crescent and other once lived-in streets are now for the most part offices of one sort or another. The B.B.C. now occupies a few of the fine old Victorian houses in Park Place.

Though the heart of the city is without life after the shops and offices and cinemas and theatres are all closed, the regret for this fact is lessened by the impression one gets of Cardiff's splendid suburbs and well-planned housing estates, the latter little towns in themselves. It is in these suburbs and housing estates that family and communal life, absent from the heart of the city, is now to be found. What was not so long ago the living heart of the city is now but the shopping, sporting, entertainment and administrative centre.

A day's shopping in Cardiff has been a revelation to many. Old-established businesses like Jotham's, James Howell's and David Morgan's are still gracing St. Mary Street and Duke Street, people who came later, including Marment's and Boots and Seccombe's, Woolworth's and Marks and Spencer, are attracting shoppers into Queen Street. The Market, glass-roofed and with a high gallery all around, attracts thousands daily. So does the interesting open-air market on the paved Hayes Island. The island has trees and is presided over by the statue of John Batchelor, a bearded worthy described on the base of his statue as the "Friend of Freedom." The stall-holders take full advantage of all the freedom there is to-day.

Cardiff's fine Central Library is near by, and on the same narrow one-way street stands the fine old Church of St. John and its churchyard of many tombs. After visitors to Cardiff have made a point of seeing all this interesting street has to offer, including a quick look at the treasures of the reference department of the Central Library, after they have finished their shopping, where will they go? Well, what day is it?

THE TOWER OF ST. JOHN'S, THE FINEST MONUMENT OF MEDIEVAL CARDIFF: The Parish Church of St. John the Baptist shares with Cardiff Castle the honour of being the oldest building in Cardiff, and from very early days church and Castle were closely connected.

Any Saturday afternoon this time of the year Cardiff City, now back in the First Division, or Cardiff Rugby Club, a great side, may be playing home, at Ninian Park or Cardiff Arms Park. There may even be an international match on. In summer Glamorgan County, the champion county a few years ago, may be seen playing first-class cricket on certain days of the week. During the cricket season the world's champion cyclists can be seen at Maindy Stadium, where boxers can also be seen in action. Some people are of the opinion that there is too much of this kind of thing in Cardiff, whilst others say it is good for trade. It may be, for many thousands from all parts of South Wales help to make the huge crowds at Ninian and Cardiff Arms Parks.

After the match a show, and there are a half-dozen first-run cinemas and two theatres. Edward Fletcher and Robert Redford raised the two Cardiff theatres over which they presided from the low-level of what was called "blood-and-thunder" melodrama to where Irving and Tree and other famous actor-managers deigned to notice them and give them dates, and during his time at Cardiff the late Sir Oswald Stoll made the Cardiff Empire into a music-hall, which was also one of the most popular institutions of Cardiff and South Wales. At this magnificent theatre opera and ballet occasionally break into the pictures, which are now its main offering to the public.

Oh, yes, Cardiff is a nice little city, for it has everything, including many fine churches and chapels and the historic, war-damaged Llandaff Cathedral. Cardiff's colleges and schools are turning out thousands of capable young people for whom the future is not so bright as they would like it to be, but let them not blame their nice little city for that.

Something might be said about Cardiff's claims to be the national capital of Wales, but let 's not end on a controversial note. Let us instead apologise for not being able to do justice to Cardiff in this article, which is no empty boost, but our sincere tribute to Cardiff and its citizens past and present. The city it is to-day stands in no need of what is called "boosting"; all it asks is to be seen and perceived.

CHRISTIAN MISSION SCHOOLS FLOURISH IN BLACKEST MAU MAU AREAS: The Colonial Minister at the Mugori Catholic Mission School with Kikuyu pupils, who hung their heads in shyness as they stood before Mr. Lyttelton. During his seven-day tour of the Kenya trouble-spots the Minister travelled in an escorted convoy of eight cars. In the course of his stay he made it his object to see as many places and as many people as he possibly could.

WITH THE COLONIAL MINISTER IN KENYA

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton's Extensive Tour of the Colony, Travelling by Road and by Air—His Exposure of Mau Mau as the African's Worst Enemy

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton wasted not a moment of his seven-day fact-finding tour of Kenya, and when he returned to Nairobi after travelling in convoy through the Kikuyu country and into the Northern Province, he was able to make a most clear-cut and informative statement, having had talks with many representative bodies and leaders of all three communities. Catholic bishops, provincial commissioners, district officers, chiefs and headmen were among his contacts; in fact, to use his own words, he sought everyone who could teach him something. In his summing-up Mr. Lyttelton declared: "There are certain strands in the pattern of Kenya's present problems on which I find nearly everybody agreed, and I feel able from what I learned to give a coherent picture of a large part of Kenya's problems. The first thing that emerges and stands out sharply is that Mau Mau is not the child of economic pressure, as it is often represented to be. It is quite a different and much more sinister movement. It is a secret society which, by the use of obscene and revolting crimes and rites, is building up racial hatred. It is anti-European, anti-Asian, anti-Christian and, in effect, an even more ruthless enemy of all law-abiding Africans. I use these words because it is Africans more than any others who have been intimidated, tortured and murdered. Those who believe Mau Mau is a direct offspring of economic conditions, or designed to improve them, are living in a world of make-believe. Those of you who think this should remember that, going no further back than the end of the war, more than £30,000,000 has been spent on the economic development of Kenya. The advance of all social services has been startling. . . . These are the achievements menaced by Mau Mau to-day."

THE MINISTER REVIEWS KIKUYU YOUTH: This picture was also taken at the Catholic Mission School at Mugori, and Mr. Lyttelton is seen with District Commissioner Frank Lloyd. The school is in the Fort Hall district, where an attempt was recently made by the terrorists on the life of Chief Eliud.

A LONE SURVIVOR: Mr. Lyttelton shaking hands with Chief Njiri, the only Senior Chief of the Kikuyu in the Fort Hall district, who has survived the attacks of the Mau Mau. The other Senior Chiefs have been murdered.

FURTHER ASPECTS OF THE MINISTERIAL SAFARI: *Left*—Mr. Lyttelton with Chief Munibe at a roadside halt as his convoy toured the hinterland. *Right*—The Minister leaving his aeroplane at Nairobi West Airport on completion of his tour. The Dominie aircraft flew him from Kisimu. On November 5 the Minister left Nairobi by air for Entebbe, Uganda, and there he joined a Comet airliner en route to London. At the time of his departure the general situation throughout Kenya remained quiet.

THIS WAS THE SCENE IN THE TEMPLE AS WORKMEN PREPARED THE SITE OF THE INNER TEMPLE HALL, THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF WHICH HAS JUST BEEN LAID BY THE QUEEN : The Royal visit to the Temple was arranged for last Thursday, with the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone taking place close to the nearly completed buildings of Pump Court and the Cloisters (centre). On the left of this panoramic view is the restored Middle Temple Hall, and on the right the Middle Temple Church. In the plans for reconstruction following the vast wartime damage, the Temple's collegiate atmosphere is being preserved.

THE RISE OF THE NEW TEMPLE

In the Midst of the Newly Restored Buildings is the Site of the New Inner Temple Hall, the Foundation-stone of which has Just Been Laid by the Queen

During the course of its long history the Temple, lying between Fleet Street and the Thames Embankment, has been subjected to repeated attacks and damage by fires. In 1381 the rebels, under Wat Tyler, wrecked many of the buildings and the fire of 1666 burnt down most of the Inner Temple. Since then each new century has brought fresh disaster until 1941, when high-explosive bombs, land-mines and incendiaries rained down upon the whole Temple area, causing havoc of devastating magnitude. Since the end of the war the architects responsible for the restoration of the Temple have been pushing ahead with their plans and many of the new buildings, occupying the sites of their predecessors, have been completed. Already Middle Temple Hall and houses in other parts of the Temple have been restored, while marked progress has been made on parts of Inner Temple and Mitre Court Buildings. Last Thursday a further stage in the reconstruction was reached when the Queen arranged to lay the foundation-stone of the new Hall of the Inner Temple. This new building, the foundations of which are seen in the pictures on these pages, will comprise not only the Hall and Library, but also common rooms, Parliament Chambers and Treasurer's offices. Part of the wall of the old hall is left, and will be included in the building.

THE RED BRICK AND CREAM PAINT OF THE NEW BUILDINGS STAND OUT IN STRIKING CONTRAST AGAINST THE OLD BUILDINGS : This is a view of the new Harcourt Buildings, the architect for which was Sir Hubert Worthington. The old Harcourt Buildings, built to serve as barristers' chambers, were destroyed in 1941.

On left—LOOKING ALONG PUMP COURT TO THE CLOISTERS: Mr. Edward Maufe, R.A., is the architect responsible for the restoration work in the Middle Temple. In the restored cloisters seven arches replace the original eight, thus reverting to Sir Christopher Wren's original intention.

Above—ON THIS SITE WILL ARISE THE BUILDINGS CONTAINING THE NEW HALL AND LIBRARY OF THE INNER TEMPLE: In the left-centre of the picture is the ancient brickwork structure of the Buttery, a fourteenth-century building second only to the Temple Church as the oldest building in the Temple. The Buttery, with its beautifully groined ceilings, will be incorporated with the new Hall.

HURRAH FOR THE "D.N.B."!

A Famous Publication Which, Cuckoo-like, Thrusts Other Volumes Out of the Library as it Grows Steadily With the Years

By JOHN GORE

"D.N.B."—The *Dictionary of National Biography* has long been on the shelf of my library least likely to gather dust or house spiders. I wish I could say that Shakespeare's shelf was as often disturbed. Shakespeare's shelf, if a minor problem for housemaids, is no problem for librarians. It needs no enlargement. We are not now likely to discover a new series of folios or a MS. in a Warwickshire manor house which will swell his *omnia* opera. Not so with *D.N.B.* Morning never yields to evening but someone adds a thousand words to a new volume. A *D.N.B.* volume is large and heavy, and, in the average amateur library, high shelves are rare and boards often slender. My own accommodation for *D.N.B.* envisaged twenty-five volumes with the middle of the shelf strengthened by underprops. But *D.N.B.* long since (since 1911 to be precise) began to break out, and has now ousted nearly a foot of space in the neighbouring partition previously allocated to the "expendable" *Complete Peerage* and certain tall tomes on art, birds and antiquities. And still this biographical cuckoo thrusts out the older eggs. Though I am fond of fiction, I still find truth stranger and more enthralling, and from any volume of *D.N.B.*, taken down haphazard, I can find intense interest and the scent for a "Waterloo run" with the Armchair Hunt.

This mighty project is little older than I am. As most people who know of its existence know, it was the idea of George Smith, and it materialised very quickly between 1885 and 1900, appearing first in sixty-three quarterly volumes under the editorships of Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. During those years many worthies had slipped through the net, the work being arranged cast-iron alphabetically. The first volumes of the new century were therefore three supplements designed to catch these fish. For by now the old design was scrapped, the work was to continue eternally, and new principles had to be created.

First, the sixty-six original volumes were reissued on the old plan as twenty-two volumes ending with the first supplement and extended to Queen Victoria's death.

The New Series.—A second supplement (1901-11) began the new series, and two epitomes were made and are now incorporated in a handy *Concise D.N.B.* The twentieth-century series, in accordance with the new plan, differs from the older. The latter was regarded as definitive, as the (reasonably) final verdict of history on the subjects treated. Not so the new century's series. Here it is not the final verdict of history, for it is still too soon to see through the fog of controversy or to examine evidence still unreleased.

The new volumes record the impressions of contemporary judgment and observation. A day will come when every twentieth-century volume will require considerable revision—indeed, every year publications in history and biography, based on new evidences, demand revision and reconsideration of the four great volumes published since 1901. The quoted "authorities" themselves become out-of-date as new biographies of kings, statesmen, fighting men, writers and scientists are acclaimed as definitive.

How that revision is to be achieved—and when—is one of many difficult problems which face the skilled and courageous editors and sponsors of this tremendous national memorial, but nobody will quarrel with the new method, for none who comprehends the uses of biography will underrate the enormous importance of contemporary evidence as to character and the word pictures of family and intimate friends. *Political* truth may be the daughter of Time, but Time's daughter is apt to be a faded, jejune, dry-as-dust spinster.

Time, too, may adjust obituary superlatives and lower or heighten literary reputations, but the "little pictures," the intimate lights on the manners, appearance and habits of our worthies, are all-important; gold dust which must be quickly scooped up and preserved in vaults before the winds disperse it. The holes in the trawl net have no doubt been mended. The new fish come in and are landed, if not finally classified. Which is not to say that the first twenty-two volumes missed no big fish since Methuselah. Through no fault of the early editors, many a subject now accepted as a "British worthy" has no niche in the Valhalla.

I will cite a perhaps trivial, but suggestive, example. When Volume C-D (Craik to Drake) was issued, "no one had ever heard" of Thomas Creevey. His papers lay unregarded in an upper room in a Northumberland House. Nor had any of his writings seen the light when the first supplement was issued. He was an obscure political hack in *Hansard*, a name without substance in a few Whig memoirs.

Had his papers been published in 1883 instead of in 1903, how many times would they have been cited among "authorities," and who would have denied him a half-column to himself? He and others like him, too few for a supplementary nineteenth-century supplement, remain an unsolved problem of revision and completion.

Giants and Freaks.—The criterion of "worthiness" has never been rigid. In the first series certainly freaks rub shoulders with giants. "Old Parr" got in handsomely on the score of longevity alone to rub shoulders with Pitt, who died younger but achieved, in an historical sense, more. The ladies of Llangollen (Sarah wrongly described) "rub shoulders" with Burke. Even in the new series the freaks slip in and the space afforded to this or that worthy may sometimes cause surprise or afford a hint of the managers' notions of merit. But broadly the great dictionary is a Valhalla of merit and not of notoriety, and on that account new contributors are wise to avoid superlatives in assessing the talents of their subjects. I know no book in which are better revealed the virtues of plain English unadorned and unembellished with luxuriant epithet. But that is not to say that facts and dates and statistics are all-important. *D.N.B.* is not and never, I hope, will become an enlarged *Who's Who*—itself an invaluable and exciting book. The "little pictures," the telling strokes, are vitally important, and the present editors encourage them. The subject must be painted with his warts, he must be seen in his slippers no less than in his robes of circumstance. He must be seen as an uncle as well as a Premier, and he may build hen-houses as cleverly as empires. And if he hated cats or hard-boiled eggs, it pays to say so. But the limits of allotted space—1,000 words make two columns—must be rigidly observed, and this discipline calls forth the highest qualities of authorship and editing—the arts of précis, of selection and rejection, of economy and balance. It is fairly easy to write down all you know or can dig out about your chosen worthy. It is another story to reduce your 2,000 to 1,000 essential words, all of them alive-oh.

A Note for Contributors.—The contributors to *D.N.B.* inevitably reap their reward chiefly in self-satisfaction over a difficult job well done. They are not paid "gossip-columnists' rates." They are (precisely) penny-a-liners. I would not have it otherwise. I enjoy the work and am glad to contribute to a classic.

There is little to criticise in the editors' rules. They like the copy to be set out on a regular pattern, and this and other common form regulations are helpful and sensible. For reasons already given, it is wise to avoid confident judgments or verdicts, especially on the reputations of authors, artists and statesmen. Contemporary verdicts are too often set aside by Posterity, but even the test of time is not always definitive judgment. One other precaution occurs to me.

The editors require a certain amount of attention to *ancestry*, and I think they are right. If the author be a stranger in blood to his subject, he is well advised to submit his copy to the family for checking. It is distressing to find such details inaccurate, a trivial error perhaps to the author concerned with important details of career, but irritating to the family.

It is perhaps no great matter who was the grandfather of your worthy, but if the details are required they may as well be correct, and a family check-up would instantly spot such slips as I have detected. Indeed, I would carry the principle further in the twentieth-century series, where definitive judgments are to be soft-pedalled, and would suggest that wherever possible a friend or relative be chosen to do the job unless the career is of such importance or complexity as to demand the services of an expert. And now Volume 27 is in preparation, and I hope I may one day read it.

In my eyes, a great part of the interest in each new volume published since 1901 has lain in testing the cool judgment and clear-sightedness of the editors. During that half-century, titles and rewards have multiplied, and though recently they have been bestowed with purity and even greater discrimination, they have (and always will) distinguished a number of individuals whose chief "merit" has been their importunity. It is often said, and I believe it, that if a man of average ability devote his whole life and strength to achieving a knighthood or baronetcy, a knight or baronet he will become, and having achieved it, he will be able to cash in on it. Contemporary judgment pays curious attention to titles. A man of title writes a better review of a new book than a plain Mister, and he is worthier game for the personal columnist. And with publicity his importance swells. But the editors of *D.N.B.*, unlike sometimes the Fountain of Honour's advisory committee, must have eyes to pierce the haze and must discover the mute, inglorious Miltons and smell out the village Cromwells. For *D.N.B.* is not *Who's Who* but *who was what.*

Twenty-five volumes on my shelf wear the same uniform. Volume 26 was given a different (utility?) suit. I was sorry for that. It spoils the appearance of the shelves. But I had no serious quarrel with the inside. It carried on faithfully the great traditions and merits of my favourite classic, as I make no doubt Volume 27 will do.

THE "LOVE WILL FIND A WAY" LUNCHEON

Authors of Romantic Fiction Gather Together

THREE GUESTS OF HONOUR AT THE 242ND FOYLE'S LITERARY LUNCHEON: Miss Ursula Bloom, author of *The Passionate Heart* and *The Secret Lover*, Miss Ruby M. Ayres, author of *The Remembered Kiss* and *Richard Chatterton, V.C.*, and Mrs. Denise Robins, author of 100 novels, including *The Feast is Finished*, seen together at the luncheon given at the Dorchester Hotel in honour of well-known authors of romantic fiction. Denise Robins was one of the main speakers. In describing her work as a novelist she told her audience: "When your hero and heroine are melting ecstatically into each other's arms, you are apt to be interrupted by a cry of 'Will you have onions for lunch, because there aren't any carrots?'"

FOUR CREATORS OF ROMANTIC FICTION WHO ATTENDED THE FOYLE'S LUNCHEON AT THE DORCHESTER: *Left*—Mrs. Renee Shann. *Second from left*—Miss Kathlyn Rhodes, author of *The Lure of the Desert* and *The Lady was Warned*. *Second from right*—Miss Netta Muskett, another romantically-minded writer. *Right*—Miss Berta Ruck, author of *The Unkissed Bride*, *Change Here for Happiness*, *Surprise Engagement* and *Tomboy in Lace*. One of the speakers at the luncheon was Miss Ruby M. Ayres, who told about her first short story, written at school when she was fourteen. She was summoned to see the headmistress. "Fame at last," she thought—but the dénouement was rapid: "Did you write this disgusting story for the girls?" asked the headmistress, and then: "You are expelled."

THE QUEEN AT LLOYD'S

HER MAJESTY LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING IN THE CITY

In May 1925 the late King George V laid the foundation-stone of the new building of Lloyd's, and this great organisation, which accepts almost every risk in human affairs except life insurance, has grown so exceedingly with the years that Lloyd's has now found the necessity for a new building and a much larger underwriting room. While the quest for new space was going on, the opportunity occurred for Lloyd's to acquire a large site near their present headquarters, a site rendered vacant by bombing during the Second World War. On this site the Queen went last week to lay the foundation-stone of the new Lloyd's. The site is on the opposite side of Lime Street to the present Lloyd's, and the new building and the present building will be connected by a closed bridge and also by a tunnel.

There were rather more than 1,300 members of Lloyd's in March 1928, when King George V opened the present building, and to-day there are more than 3,100. Only a proportion of these are practising underwriters, the greater number being members of syndicates for whom the practising underwriters act. Lloyd's originated in a coffee-house in Tower Street in the City of London, opened by Edward Lloyd before 1688. Men interested in shipping, meeting in the coffee-house for refreshment, found it useful for the transaction of business. In 1692 Lloyd's moved to larger premises at the corner of Lombard Street and Abchurch Lane, and in 1696 issued *Lloyd's News*, a record of the movement of ships for the convenience and information of his customers. Within another year or two a number of these men formed themselves into an association for marine insurance. From that has grown the mighty organisation of to-day, in which 2,000 business men may crowd the underwriting rooms on a single day.

THE QUEEN WITH THE CHAIRMAN OF LLOYD'S, MR. MATTHEW DRYSDALE: Her Majesty, in a gown of ivory lace over peach-coloured taffeta, arriving for the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new Lloyd's building, which is to be erected on a bombed site in the City of London. Lloyd's has already outgrown its handsome home built between the wars, and the new and old homes will be used in conjunction. The new foundation-stone was to have been laid a year ago, on November 8, 1951, by King George VI, but his illness prevented the function taking place.

QUEEN WITH THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND THE LADY MAYORESS: Her Majesty shaking hands with Lady Boyce. Since this ceremony Sir Leslie Boyce has been succeeded as Lord Mayor by Sir Rupert De la Bère.

MR. CHURCHILL AT THE OPENING: The Prime Minister, top-hatted and in evening dress, arrives at Lloyd's.

THE FOUNDATION-LAYING CEREMONY: *Left*—The Queen takes a trowel and mortar, and (*right*) Her Majesty operating the level after laying on the mortar of the new foundation-stone. The trowel, mallet and level were those used by the late King George V., her grandfather, when he laid the foundation of the existing Lloyd's building. Fewer than 100 people saw the foundation-stone laid, although there were nearly 3,000 guests present at Lloyd's. This small party accompanied the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh across Lime Street through a covered way to the marquee erected on the new site under which the foundation-stone was laid.

WATCHING THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS MARCH PAST IN THE QUADRANGLE OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER SHE HAD RETURNED FROM THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: Her Majesty the Queen with Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, beside her and the Duke of Edinburgh, a pace behind, standing at the salute. A few minutes later the Queen ascended to the Palace rooms and from the balcony acknowledged the repeated cheering of the crowds which gathered in force round the Victoria Memorial.

AN HISTORIC PICTURE TAKEN AS HER MAJESTY, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND PRECEDED BY EARL ALEXANDER CARRYING THE SWORD OF STATE, PASSED THROUGH THE ROYAL GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS : They were en route from the Royal Robing Room to the Chamber of the Lords, where the Queen delivered the speech from the Throne. Her Majesty's dark crimson train, worn over a dress of pale gold, was borne by two pages, Jonathan Peel (left) and Henry Seymour. Behind the pages walked the Duchess of Northumberland, Mistress of the Robes, and Captain Sir Harold Campbell (Groom of the Robes). This is the first picture of a Sovereign taken after robing for the royal opening.

The QUEEN *Opens* PARLIAMENT

ANNE WITH HER FAMILY TAKES HER BOW UPON BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY

On left—

THE ROYAL FAMILY ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY : The Queen, Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, Princess Anne and the Duke of Edinburgh came out to acknowledge the greetings of the crowd. This was the first time Her Majesty had appeared on the Palace balcony since the accession. The Duke of Cornwall is now four years old, his birthday having been yesterday, November 14. With Princess Anne he watched the Queen's departure from Buckingham Palace and her return, and the two children then took part in some vigorous waving.

On right—

RESPONDING TO THE CHANTING OF A CROWD OF 20,000 WHICH CALLED REPEATEDLY "WE WANT THE QUEEN" : Her Majesty, with the Duke of Edinburgh, on the balcony of Buckingham Palace. The Queen wore a pale gold crinoline gown and on her head blazed the splendid diamonds of the Maltese circlet—which she had worn in the House of Lords during the ceremonial of the Royal opening.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST OIL TANKER AT THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY'S NEW REFINERY ON THE ISLE OF GRAIN, KENT: This is the tanker *British Skill* preparing to make fast at one of the new jetties on the Isle of Grain. The vessel brought 27,000 tons of crude oil from Kuwait for the new refinery, which when completed will have a capacity of 4,000,000 tons of crude oil a year.

The arrival at the Isle of Grain of the first shipment of crude oil from the Middle East marks another stage in the construction of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's new refinery, which is being built at a cost of over £40,000,000. From the tanker the oil is pumped into the crude-oil storage tanks as a preliminary to processing through the distillation unit. This plant will deal with all the crude oil as it arrives, the final figure of 4,000,000 tons a year representing about 80,000 barrels a day. In the distillation unit the oil will be cut away at various levels of the distillation range—motor spirit, kerosene, tractor vaporising oil, gas oil, fuel oils, feed stock for lubricants, and asphalt. Later, when the new machinery is completed, the residue of semi-refined oils will be pumped into the catalytic cracking plant, where the molecules will be "cracked" to produce high-grade motor spirit. The finished products—965,000 tons of motor spirit a year, 110,000 tons of kerosene, 29,000 tons of vaporising oil, 490,000 tons of gas oil, 1,862,000 tons of fuel oils and 140,000 tons of lubricants—will be pumped into their special tanks; dispatch for sale being finally effected by pumping into sea, river, road and rail transport. It will be a year or two before the refinery has reached the stage where the latter, more complicated processes can be started. Stocks of crude oil must be built up, and while the first distillation will begin soon, it will be some time before the catalytic cracking plant will be complete.

AT THE ANNUAL BALL OF THE 594 (WARWICKSHIRE) HEAVY ANTI-AIRCRAFT REGIMENT, ROYAL ARTILLERY, TERRITORIAL ARMY: Brigadier D. Lyall Grant (extreme left) with three territorial colonels in the ballroom at Sutton Coldfield Town Hall, when the Regiment held its annual ball there on the night of Halloween. The officers are, from left to right, Colonel F. H. Lawrence, C.B.E., M.C., T.D., D.L., a Territorial for almost forty years who now commands a Birmingham Home Guard Sector; Lieut.-Colonel J. L. Osborne, M.B.E., T.D., Commanding Officer 127 Construction Regiment, R.E.; and Lieut.-Colonel E. R. Price, T.D., Officer Commanding 1/20 Army Signal Regiment.

AUTUMN DAYS IN BRITAIN

The Queen Mother Lays the Foundation-stone of a New Theatre; Cru Oil for the Isle of Grain; The Duke of Edinburgh's Flying Instructo Somerset Maugham in London; and Other Home News in Pictu

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE VANBRUGH THEATRE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART: Sir Kenneth Barnes, Principal of the Academy, is seen presenting Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh) to the Queen Mother after the ceremony. On the left is Mr. John Gielgud. The theatre is being built, at a cost of £80,000, in memory of Dame Irene Vanbrugh, who was President of the Academy when she died in 1949, and of her sister Violet. The Queen Mother walked down the gangway of what will be the theatre's auditorium, and was cheered by the large number of leading actors and actresses in the audience and by the hundreds of students who had gathered back-stage. "It is my hope," Her Majesty said, "that this theatre will be the nursery of great actors and actresses of the future, who will be able to present to the world the masterpieces of dramatic literature."

THE R.A.F. PILOT CHOSEN TO BE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S FLYING INSTRUCTOR : Flight-Lieutenant Caryl R. Gordon preparing to climb into the cockpit of a Chipmunk trainer aircraft—the same type of aircraft that the Duke of Edinburgh will use for his first flying lessons. Flight-Lieutenant Gordon joined the R.A.F. in 1942, and so far has over 2,500 flying hours to his credit. Working with Flight-Lieutenant Gordon will be Squadron-Leader Basil Lock, who will act as check instructor. The flying instructions will be given at the R.A.F. headquarters of Home Command at White Waltham, Berkshire, and will start as soon as Prince Philip's heavy list of official engagements permit.

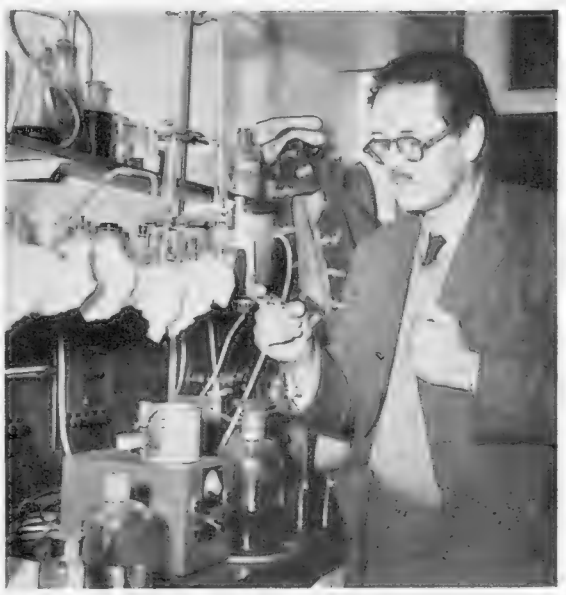
THROUGH AT LAST! TWO STAGES OF HAWESWATER AQUEDUCT SCHEME ARE LINKED UP : Tunnellers working on the Haslington-Walmersley stretch of the Haweswater aqueduct scheme are seen as they look through the breach caused when Alderman Douglas Gosling, Lord Mayor of Manchester, fired the final eight charges of dynamite at Shuttleworth, Lancashire. The gap so caused, links the first two cuttings in the first stage of the Haweswater Aqueduct Scheme, which will cost a total of £13,000,000 to build. When completed, this aqueduct, which is being built for the Manchester Corporation, will provide a further 100,000,000 gallons of water a day.

On left—

A NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER AND HIS FAMILY : Dr. R. L. M. Synge, the Liverpool-born scientist, is seen with his wife and five children at their home in Kincardineshire, near Aberdeen. Dr. Synge, who is a bio-chemist on the staff of the Rowlett Research Institute, Aberdeen, will share this year's Nobel Prize for chemistry.

On right—

DR. A. J. P. MARTIN, WHO WILL SHARE THE NOBEL PRIZE WITH DR. SYNGE : Dr. Martin is seen at work on "gas liquid partition chromatogram," a method of chemical analysis and a development of the work which he undertook in collaboration with Dr. Synge, which won them the award which amounts to a total of £11,802.



SOMERSET MAUGHAM VISITS AN ART EXHIBITION HELD IN AID OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE BENEVOLENT FUND : Mr. Maugham talks with his niece, Honor Earl, the well-known painter, and Dame Katherine J. Trefusis Forbes, chairman of the exhibition committee. Behind them is a picture of Sir John Slessor, Marshal of the Royal Air Force. The exhibition was opened by Lord de Lisle and Dudley last week-end and will remain open until November 28. It was organised by Honor Earl, and is being held at the offices of Thomas Parsons and Son, in Grosvenor Street, London. The paintings exhibited are a series of Honor Earl's portraits of well-known people, including one of Danny Kaye, the American film-star comedian, and Miss Claire Bloom, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in the film *Limelight*. Also in the exhibition are some landscapes by Hortense Kelly.

GUN-POWDER, TREASON AND PLOT—STUDENTS OF LONDON UNIVERSITY CELEBRATE GUY FAWKES DAY : While thousands of people were celebrating Guy Fawkes Day with bonfires in their back-gardens, London University students were staging their own elaborate ceremonies. A parade of decorated "vehicles" and banners made its way through the main thoroughfares of the West End, including Regent Street and Piccadilly, and finally crossed Waterloo Bridge to the site of the Dome of Discovery on the South Bank, where a bonfire was lit. The students seen above are dismantling one of their "vehicles" to add fuel to the flame.

PERSONALITIES at the 1952 MOTOR SHOW

Some of the Names which Made News in the World of Motoring at the Time of the Highly Successful Exhibition Held in the Golden Jubilee Year of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

LORD NORTHCLIFFE once gave his editorial staff a motto: "Write about PEOPLE not THINGS." I am afraid that in my articles on the Motor Show I have written mainly about THINGS. Let me, this week, write about PEOPLE: Motor Show people; the people who make our cars; the people who say how many of them can be made; the people who keep them in repair.

First, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Supply. He made a long speech at the Society of Motor Manufacturers' Motor Show dinner. It was not a good speech. Mr. Sandys did not rise to the occasion, and I did not like his tap-room jokes.

But Mr. Churchill's son-in-law made up for it a few days later when he announced that more cars would be made available for the home market. And that the motor industry is to get more steel. Yet the Minister was really only marching with events, not inspiring them.

He said that more new cars would be offered for sale at home simply because he knows they cannot, at the moment, be sold abroad. And steel production has increased to such an extent that customers must be found for it.

Still, for those who have been waiting years for a new car this was good news—assuming that they can still afford it, and many of them, unfortunately, cannot with purchase tax at 66⅔ per cent.

And that brings me to Mr. Leonard Lord, chief of the Austin Motor Company and deputy chairman of the huge new British Motor Corporation, formed by the amalgamation of Austin Motors and the Nuffield Organisation.

At the Austin dinner at Grosvenor House Mr. Lord ran true to form. He made a fighting speech. It was widely reported, so I shall not go into details. In effect he said that new cars, even the least expensive models, might well become a glut on the home market by Christmas unless the Government ease the burden of purchase tax.

His speech caused a sensation. (He said of the Conservative Government: "We put them in there to govern and we want to see them doing it, and the sooner they start the better.") I think that privately the rest of the Big Six agree with Mr. Lord that car-selling in the home market will soon be a highly competitive business once again.

But most of them seem to think he was just a little too pessimistic and perhaps a little indiscreet in creating near-panic at this time. This is what Sir William Rootes, builder of Humber, Hillman and Sunbeam-Talbot cars, had to say on the subject: "I deprecate pessimism with regard to the sales of cars both at home and abroad. It is certainly not warranted as far as our group is concerned.

"In the home market we are still working on the delivery of Hillman Minx orders placed in 1947 and Humber Hawk orders of 1948, but with increased steel, production is rising and we are speeding-up deliveries."

Earlier in the Show, Sir William's brother Reginald—what a fine partnership these two men make!—had expressed himself forcibly on the subject of the purchase tax (which according to the *Daily Mail* has yielded £190,000,000 in revenue for the Government since 1940 on cars, commercial vehicles and motor-cycles).

"We do not like 'fictional' handicaps," he said. "We shall press the Government to remove unnecessary restrictions and penal taxation." And he went on to speak of the need to "loosen the Treasury's greedy grip."

And now let Mr. Henry Spurrier take the stage. He, too, touched on the "disturbing factors" confronting the industry when he spoke at the Society of Motor Manufacturers' tedious Motor Show dinner, but I want to refer to his remarks on turbine-engined cars. He said the present-day car and commercial vehicle "must be nearing the peak of their development" in their present form, and went on:

"No doubt there will be many improvements yet, but surely we must now look to the gas turbine as the next stage. Just what form this may take is difficult to foresee, but undoubtedly an engine having rotating masses will eventually supersede that of the piston type.

"This is now almost standard practice in aircraft and already we have seen the beginnings of its development in cars and commercial vehicles. And perhaps I may mention the recent successes achieved by the well-known Rover Company. Possibly, development will come first in fighting vehicles, to be followed later by commercial application."

Coming from the President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, this prophecy will carry a lot of weight. It gives evidence that the adaptation of the gas turbine to road transport is engaging the active attention of Britain's motor industry. That is as it should be, but it may, of course, be years before such problems as fuel consumption are fully solved, and until then the turbine-engined family car of reasonable price must remain an exciting dream.

The subject of turbocars was briefly mentioned the other day at the conference of British Motor Clubs, presided over at the R.A.C. by Mr. Wilfrid Andrews. Colonel Stanley Barnes, competition secretary of the R.A.C., placed on record in his annual report the fact that the Club had succeeded in getting international recognition of a new special record class for turbine-engined cars.

This means that the performance of the Rover Turbocar in Belgium, where a speed of 151.9 m.p.h. was reached on the motor road outside Ostend, ranks as the first record in this new class. Another feather in Britain's engineering cap!

My next name-in-the-news also concerns that R.A.C. conference where a gentleman named Mr. C. J. Roberts, of the Bridgnorth and District Motor Club, raised a matter which, secretly, is causing the R.A.C. quite a lot of anxiety.

He put forward the view that an overall average speed of 30 miles an hour was much too fast for motor rallies on public roads, and said: "You have to drive like a scalded cat all the way to maintain a schedule of 30 m.p.h."

It 's easy, of course, to maintain an average of 30 m.p.h. on most main roads, but it is when you get on to the by-roads or get involved in a big slice of built-up area that the difficulty begins.

There is no doubt that in some rallies competitors *have* gone too fast. And there is no doubt that unless the tendency is checked, either by discipline or a lower speed schedule, there will be a considerable build-up of public feeling on the matter.

While on the subject of motor sport—which has had a record year in Britain, with 660 events staged under R.A.C. permits—I would like to bring in the name of Mr. Mortimer Morris-Goodall, who has been appointed competitions manager for Jaguar Cars, Ltd. An experienced racing driver, he is perhaps best known for his frequent appearances in the famous Le Mans race. He has driven in no fewer than ten consecutive events on the French circuit, and in 1937 he won the Rudge-Whitworth Cup with the late Lieut.-Commander R. P. Hitchens.

This new appointment will permit Mr. "Lofty" England, Jaguar's imperturbable service manager, who has been looking after the firm's competition activities, to devote his whole time to his main job.

Now back at the Show. . . . And the next name on my list is that of Mr. H. A. ("Tiger") Smith, Birmingham garage proprietor and President of the Motor Agents' Association, who made a good speech at the Association's annual dinner.

He said he thought the British motor industry was now capable of producing 1,000,000 vehicles a year, of which half should be exported. "We 've got to take our coats off and sell the other half-million in the home market," he said. "What we don't want is to become buyers and hoarders of scrap metal in the form of used vehicles at uneconomic prices. Before the war eight-year-old cars sold for about £5. To-day 1,600,000 cars more than thirteen years old are in use on the roads of Britain. Take care that they are not allowed to choke our trade channels!"

In the years immediately before the last war an average of about 300,000 cars were bought in Britain every twelve months. The greatest number sold on the home market in any full year since the war was 139,000 in 1949. In the period from January 1946 to July 1952 a total of 775,000 new cars found their way on to the home market in replacement of some of the "old crocks" which had had to keep going long after their normal span.

It looks as if nearly 200,000 may be sold at home during 1952, though everything depends on what happens between now and the end of December.

One more name before I sign off. . . . Mr. Donald Healey, whose "deal" with the Austin organisation has the tag of a business romance; of the "little man" making good. For it was not many years ago—since the war, in fact—that this energetic Cornishman first entered the car-building field, when he started making high-performance sports cars, using the 2½-litre Riley engine, in a small factory at Warwick.

Now he has produced a car—the Healey Hundred—which looks so good and which has such a fine performance (well over 100 m.p.h.) that Austins have offered to help build it for him in large numbers and to distribute it overseas through their world-wide sales organisation.

The new Austin-Healey Hundred, which cruises at 35 miles to the gallon, is powered by an ordinary Austin A 90 engine of 2.6 litres. The secret of the high speed and low fuel consumption is the electrically-controlled overdrive, which comes in automatically (or by hand switch) when travelling at over 50 m.p.h.

THEY CALL IT THE "FLYING DISC"—A NEW CAR FOR THE RACING TRACKS OF EUROPE: The new Alfa-Romeo sports car, built at the firm's factory in Milan, Italy, is seen during a display at the city's Monza Autodrome. Built in accordance with entirely new principles, both in its mechanical parts and body, the super-modern vehicle, powered by a 2,995 cc. 6-cylinder engine, with three double-body carburettors, can develop about 200 h.p. and a maximum speed of 150 m.p.h. The body is very flat and streamlined, hence the name "flying disc." It is fitted with a small windshield. The Alfa-Romeo concern hopes to introduce the new sports car to the European racing tracks within the very near future.

THEY WERE OFF TO THE 1952 MOTOR SHOW IN A 1903 MERCÉDÈS: Mrs. Cooke, wife of a director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, is seen as she climbed into the veteran car outside the Hyde Park, London, headquarters of the Society at the start of a journey through the rain to Earl's Court. Mrs. Cooke's driver was Mr. Cyril Phillips. The procession of "Veteran Cars," provided by the Society's "Old Crocks" Club, formed part of the celebrations held in honour of the S.M.M.T.'s Golden Jubilee. The final attendance figure, apart from overseas visitors, at this year's very successful Motor Show was 462,538. This was 89,410 more than last year. More than 4,000 visitors from overseas also attended the Exhibition.

NEWS FROM TWO THEATRES OF WAR

Three Aspects of the War in Korea; the Worcesters Build a "Night-club" in the Malayan Jungle

WHITEHORSE HILL IN KOREA, POCKED AND PITTED BY BOMBS, SHELLS AND ROCKETS: The long, jagged scars of communication trenches mark both sides of the desolated ridge, which was in United Nations hands when this picture was taken recently. Like Triangle Hill, this was the scene of drawn-out see-saw battles, with Communist and United Nations troops stubbornly resisting from trenches and caves.

DIGGING IN FOR THE WINTER ON THE KOREAN FRONT: These men of the U.S. First Marine Division have laid aside their rifles in favour of spades to dig a new system of trenches on the western sector of hostilities.

KOREAN ORPHANS ENTERTAINING TURKISH TROOPS BEHIND THE LINES: The children were from a Turkish-sponsored orphanage at Suwon and were taking part in celebrations to mark the 29th anniversary of the Turkish Republic.

Both sides in the Korean war are now making preparations for a hard winter of continued belligerence, and meanwhile on certain vital points of the front the opposing armies are making repeated and vicious contacts with each other. Whitehorse Hill, at the time of writing, was secure in United Nations hands, but the struggle for Triangle Hill and its nearby strategic points showed no sign of abating. On November 3, South Korean infantrymen stormed up Triangle Hill three times, but on each occasion they were turned back by deadly mortar fire from the Chinese, secure in caves and trenches above. The struggle here has continued indecisively for a month, observers describing the fighting as among the bloodiest of the Korean war. With this position of stalemate comes the news of the impending departure of General James Van Fleet, who now nears the military retiring age of sixty.

THE MEN OF THE WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT IN MALAYA AT A CONCERT STAGED IN THE "COCONUT GROVE": They were listening to Carole Carr in an open-air theatre simply but effectively constructed by erecting a large tarpaulin between coconut trees.

THE SINGER CAROLE CARR WITH MEN OF THE WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT AT THE ENTRANCE TO "COCONUT GROVE," THE ONLY JUNGLE NIGHT-CLUB IN MALAYA: The *inset on right* shows Miss Carr singing favourite songs to the men during a concert among the palm trees. Miss Carr was completing a tour of the Korean and Malayan battlefields and was shortly to return to England to resume her performances in the Forces Show of the B.B.C. Donald Peers, Hy Hazell and Ralph Reader are other artists who have appeared at the "Coconut Grove" theatre.

THE AUDIENCE FOR MISS CARR AT "COCONUT GROVE": The theatre is the pride of D Company, 1st Battalion, the Worcestershire Regiment, who claim that it is the leading open-air theatre in Malaya. It was established last summer, meeting with instant acclaim.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

CHAPLIN—UTRILLO—KOESTLER

Biography and Autobiography at the Head of a Varied Assortment of New Books in the Autumn Lists

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, whom I refuse to refer to as Charles in spite of his age and fame, is the subject of a new biography by Mr. Robert Payne. THE GREAT CHARLIE (Deutsch. 16s.) follows the current vogue for considering him rather as a cosmic figure than as a very, very good comedian indeed, but it is entertaining for all that, and full of good stuff about the early days, as well as characteristically erudite references to Chinese strolling players, Indian clowns or immense Italian epics.

THE WINE OF GENIUS (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is a life of one of the greatest living painters, Maurice Utrillo, and it is a brief but fascinating document by Mr. Robert Coughlan which contrives to tell one a lot about the painter, his domestic relations, his changing style and the Montmartre background to his existence in a very small compass.

Mr. Arthur Koestler's autobiography, ARROW IN THE BLUE (Collins with Hamish Hamilton. 18s.), is a first volume in a projected series, and covers the first twenty-six years of his life from his birth in Budapest in 1905 to his joining the Communist Party in 1931. The political background throughout these formative years is clearly indicated, as one would expect from this writer, but it is, not unnaturally, on his own spiritual and psychological development that the greatest emphasis is placed.

ARTHUR KOESTLER, AUTHOR OF "ARROW IN THE BLUE": This autobiography is a first volume in a projected series, covering the first twenty-six years of Mr. Koestler's highly eventful life.

In ATLANTIC IMPACT 1861 (Heinemann. 15s.), Mr. Evan John has taken a single incident during the American Civil War as a starting-point for his examination of the repercussions in Anglo-American relations. On November 8 in that year the steamship *Trent*, with British despatches and passengers aboard, was held up by the American *San Jacinto* in a remote channel of the Caribbean Sea. It was a high-handed action, though small enough in importance, as it seemed at the time, but, in the classic analogy of the stone thrown into the pond, the ripples it caused are still being felt to-day.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A NEWSPAPER (Methuen. 30s.), by Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott, is the story of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and, by a natural progression, an account "of the temperaments, perturbations and achievements of John Morley, W. T. Stead, E. T. Cook, Harry Cust, J. L. Garvin and three other editors" of the paper in question. I found it fascinating, digressions and all, and recommend it for slow and thoughtful reading.

MURDER AND ITS MOTIVES (Harrap. 12s. 6d.), first published nearly thirty years ago, has been revised and added to by Miss F. Tennyson Jesse, and remains a model of its kind, the author's examination of six famous murder cases being as brilliant in analysis as ever.

Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope writes about the English theatre with an enthusiasm that approaches the heights of a cult, and from a store of knowledge that is admirably well furnished. LADIES FIRST (W. H. Allen. 20s.) is the story, in his words, of woman's conquest of the English stage, and it is as informative as it is lively, covering the period from the early seventeenth century to the present day.

ANIMALS AND MAN (Hutchinson. 15s.) is a study of man in relation to the creatures he has domesticated for his own purposes, the animals that have been eliminated through him, as in the case of the brown bears, the elks, lynxes and wild oxen of England, the animals that because of man's introduction to a new country have become pests, as with the rabbit in Australia, and the animals who remain wild even in captivity. Mr. G. S. Cansdale writes with authority as the Superintendent of the London Zoo, and with considerable charm and simplicity.

HUNTER (Hamish Hamilton. 16s.) is the most exciting book that is likely to come my way this week, or for weeks to come. It is the life story of one who is appropriately called J. A. Hunter, and who is one of the last and greatest of Africa's white hunters. Helped by magnificent photographs, this book tells the story of many of his most adventurous safaris and most hair-raising exploits. For those Africa-bound, incidentally, Mr. Hunter considers the leopard the most dangerous of game.

Mr. Leo Walmsley, like many good writers, confesses to a strong bump of curiosity, and it was this that sent him on a voyage to Curacao and Venezuela by oil tanker in order to see an oilfield and trace the flow from its origin right back to its importation into England. INVISIBLE CARGO (Michael Joseph. 21s.), the story of his trip, is one of the results of that journey and satisfied curiosity, we hope, is another.

ENGLISH CHANNEL (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.) is another sea story, this time expressed in text by Mr. Peter Temple and in drawings and water-colours by Mr. Keith Baynes. From the Scilly Isles to Dover, the author and the artist take us up the Channel, discoursing of tides, of types of shipping and of towns, and if I had a criticism it would only be of the over-optimistic brush of Mr. Baines which presents such bleak spots as Dungeness in an unfamiliar whirl of colour.

Mr. William McFee is an author whom one connects with sea subjects, and although the main theme of his new novel, THE ADOPTED (Faber. 12s. 6d.), deals with conflicting American and English influences on a young man concerned with both countries, there is still a glimpse and a breath of the sea from time to time, and the familiar setting of cargo ships.

TOM FOOL (Evans. 10s. 6d.) is a wonderful story of the sea, as wonderful to-day in its new edition as when Miss F. Tennyson Jesse first wrote it twenty-six years ago.

Mr. H. L. Davis writes of the American North-West in WINDS OF THE MORNING (Cassell. 15s.), a lusty and, indeed, slightly overloaded novel which has obviously been written with great gusto, and requires a reader with the same zest for the subject.

THE VOYAGE HOME (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is another satisfying novel of more or less everyday life by that most reliable of Scottish novelists, Mr. George Blake, who can be depended on for a good story and good sense. The Firth of Clyde is again the background for the action, which is supplied by the tacit revolt of youth against domineering age.

GODDESS ISLAND (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) lies, for the purposes of Mr. George Blond's story, between Siberia and Alaska, an icy and hazardous setting for a story of the eighteenth century and of a *protégé* of Catherine the Great's, who discovers the island and its treasure of fur-bearing seals.

NINE O'CLOCK GUN (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is a novel about Vancouver in the roaring days of the Yukon Gold Rush, and the gradual establishment of what is now a proud city. Mr. Roland Wild evidently knows his subject well, and writes with an attractive enthusiasm of the city that grew from a clearing in the forest to the third largest in Canada.

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.) is concerned with that tense period in American history immediately before the Civil War, and with a character whose cardinal sin in the eyes of abolitionist and secessionist alike was that he grew richer and richer while they did not. Mr. Robert Hardy Andrews writes of Denver and gold rushes *con brio* and, as far as one can judge, with authenticity.

I could count on one hand the number of books by V.C.s that I have read. Now there is an addition to the list in a strange little series of stories, TWILIGHT ON THE BETZY (Putnam. 10s. 6d.), by Mr. Thomas Dinesen, V.C. The subject in the main is horror, embroidered by apparitions and shrieks in the night. They are fantastic, but there is no doubt that Mr. Dinesen knows, among other things, how to tell a story.

The stories in HEART OF ASIA (Arthur Barker. 9s. 6d.) are fact, not fiction, being some of the real life adventures of the American explorer, Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews. The author's style is terse and to the point, concentrating on excitement and effect rather than the literary niceties, and making a very good job of it, at that.

Books About People and Soldiers

In **CAPTAIN COOK** (Faber. 10s. 6d.) *Christopher Lloyd, a senior Lecturer at the R.N. College, Greenwich, presents the results of modern research on Cook's life and times.*

JOURNEY TO THE FAR PACIFIC (Odhams Press. 21s.) *is Thomas E. Dewey's account of his travels in late* 1951, *which covered* 41,000 *miles and which took in no fewer than seventeen kingdoms, republics, territories and colonies.*

The third and last volume of Sir Alfred Munning's autobiography, entitled **THE FINISH** (Museum Press. 30s.), *contains over* 170 *illustrations by the author.*

THE HOUSE OF COLLINS (Collins. 15s.) *is David Keir's story of a Scottish family of publishers from* 1789 *to the present day.*

Leonard Cooper's biography of **R. S. SURTEES** (Arthur Barker. 15s.), *the creator of Mr. Jorrocks and Soapey Sponge, is illustrated with John Leech's coloured and black-and-white plates which appeared in Surtees' own books.*

THE ELEVENTH AT WAR (Michael Joseph. 42s.), *being the story of the* 11*th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) through the years* 1934-1945, *has been written by Brigadier Dudley Clarke. There are many illustrations.*

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH FIRST ARMY (George Allen and Unwin. 42s.), *by Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, and translated by Malcolm Barnes, contains a preface by General Eisenhower and an appreciation by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Pictures and maps are also included.*

WHISTLER

Hesketh Pearson Assesses a Controversialist

Anecdotes about James McNeill Whistler are legion, and hardly less numerous than those about his contemporary, Oscar Wilde, but somehow his technique of downright rudeness, effective enough in dealing with the importunate, grows wearisome with repetition, and that is the technique which he made his very own, employing it with an almost savage persistence, though maybe with some subtlety of variation. The limited nature of Whistler's wit has not helped Hesketh Pearson in his latest volume, THE MAN WHISTLER (Methuen. 18s.), which follows those favourite subjects for biography Sydney Smith, William Gilbert, Henry Labouchere, Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde and Disraeli. He does, however, succeed in revealing the character of this great painter and caustic controversialist, whose nature, dedicated to unending conflict, was so strongly reflected in his art. As a rebel in art, an original and a character, Whistler strongly appealed to his generation, and his mesmeric personality completed what his fame, wit and irreverence had begun. He inspired both admiration and devotion, seldom seemingly ridicule, despite the fact that he sometimes wore pink bows on his shoes and delighted in every oddity of dress which would cause comment. Whistler did not win all his arguments, as witness the occasion when he summoned the famous throat specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie, to operate on his pet French poodle. The specialist, annoyed at being called in to treat a dog, pocketed a big fee and went off. Next day Mackenzie despatched an urgent message that he wished to see Whistler, who, thinking that it concerned his dog, downed brushes and dashed to call on the specialist. "Oh, good morning, Mr. Whistler," said Mackenzie, "I wanted to see you about having my front door painted." In Whistler's career such reverses were rare, however, and, as a rule, he was the victor in these skirmishes. If he wished to wipe the floor with anyone Whistler usually did so, and for good measure sometimes included that person's friends in the floor-wiping, Anthony Eden's father, the wealthy and dictatorial Sir William Eden, among them. Sir William asked Whistler for "a little painting" of his wife, and got one, 12 ins. by 8 ins., to be exact. A furious legal action ensued.

Those who knew the flippancies, arrogances and aggressions of Whistler, but had no intimate understanding of his art or of his methods of work, could well have been excused if they judged him to be very much of a lightweight. Mr. Pearson, however, reveals very strongly the other side of Whistler's character, the painter of prodigious effort, who worked in an almost agony of concentration, struggling on even when it was really too dark to see, and then, perhaps, dissatisfied, destroying the incessant labour of hours. Altogether this is a well-balanced biography, and if by no means the best in the series, its reception is sure.

The *Kon-Tiki* saga, it seems, is very far from being finished. Bengt Danielsson, the only Swedish member of Thor Heyerdahl's great expedition, which was wrecked on the Raroia reef in mid-Pacific at the end of the historic raft journey, has since returned to Raroia, and in THE HAPPY ISLAND (Allen and Unwin. 15s.) he gives a charming, but not wholly reassuring, account of that carefree spot. Raroia is the most beautiful and unspoilt island in the group. The Raroians live an unpractical life, and Bengt Danielsson tells us in some detail of their primitive economics, their medicine, their religion, their games and sports. He perceives, however, deep shadows across the Pacific, and the idyllic conditions of life will disappear, he says, as Raroia becomes subject more and more to the encroachments of civilisation.

V. A. Firsoff, a fully qualified and practical astronomer, has produced a most readable and informative volume in OUR NEIGHBOUR WORLDS (Hutchinson. 25s.). In his survey of the solar system in the light of the most modern knowledge, he makes a careful investigation of inter-planetary travel, and seems to think that it will be possible of achievement within a few decades.

Bernard Rackham, formerly Keeper of the Department of Ceramics, Victoria and Albert Museum, has produced a most important volume on ITALIAN MAIOLOCA (Faber and Faber. 30s.). The delicate colouring and sensitive drawing of those who have wrought in this medium are well brought out in a number of superb illustrations, ranging from the fifteenth to the eighteen centuries.

Here are two travel books from widely separated and equally remote parts of the world, both of them remarkable for genuine exploration and for the abiding sense of humour of their authors. H. W. Tilman's NEPAL HIMALAYA (Cambridge University Press. 25s.) is in the best Tilman manner, with wit, apt quotations, irony and romance neatly blended. The chapter on "The Approach to Everest" gives an intimate glimpse of villages like Namche Bazar, which lie within striking distance of the great peak. One thing the reader will not gather from this account of journeyings amid the grudging hills and the lush valleys is the hardships undergone by the author and his companions.

In TWO AGAINST THE AMAZON (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.), John Brown provides a personal journal of his two-man expedition with Sebastian Snow in search of the true source of the great river. Here again humour is the keynote, although at times it verges on flippancy, and there are many intimate glimpses of life in the Andean ranges.

CERIUM

CERIUM is one of the group of elements known as the " rare earth " metals, which are very similar to each other in chemical properties. The first steps in the discovery of this element were taken in 1781 when a 15 year old Swedish boy Wilhelm Hisinger sent a sample of rock to the famous chemist Scheele. Hisinger thought that this rock, now known as the mineral " cerite," might contain a new metal; but Scheele failed to find it. More than twenty years later Hisinger himself discovered in cerite the new element cerium. Today the most important sources of the rare earth metals are deposits of monazite sand found in India and Brazil. Pure cerium is rarely produced, but in the form of " Mischmetall "—a mixture of rare earth metals—and in compounds with other elements it has a number of industrial uses. The luminosity of an electric arc light is increased if the carbon electrodes are impregnated with cerium fluoride during manufacture, and ceric sulphate is used in chemical analysis and in photography.

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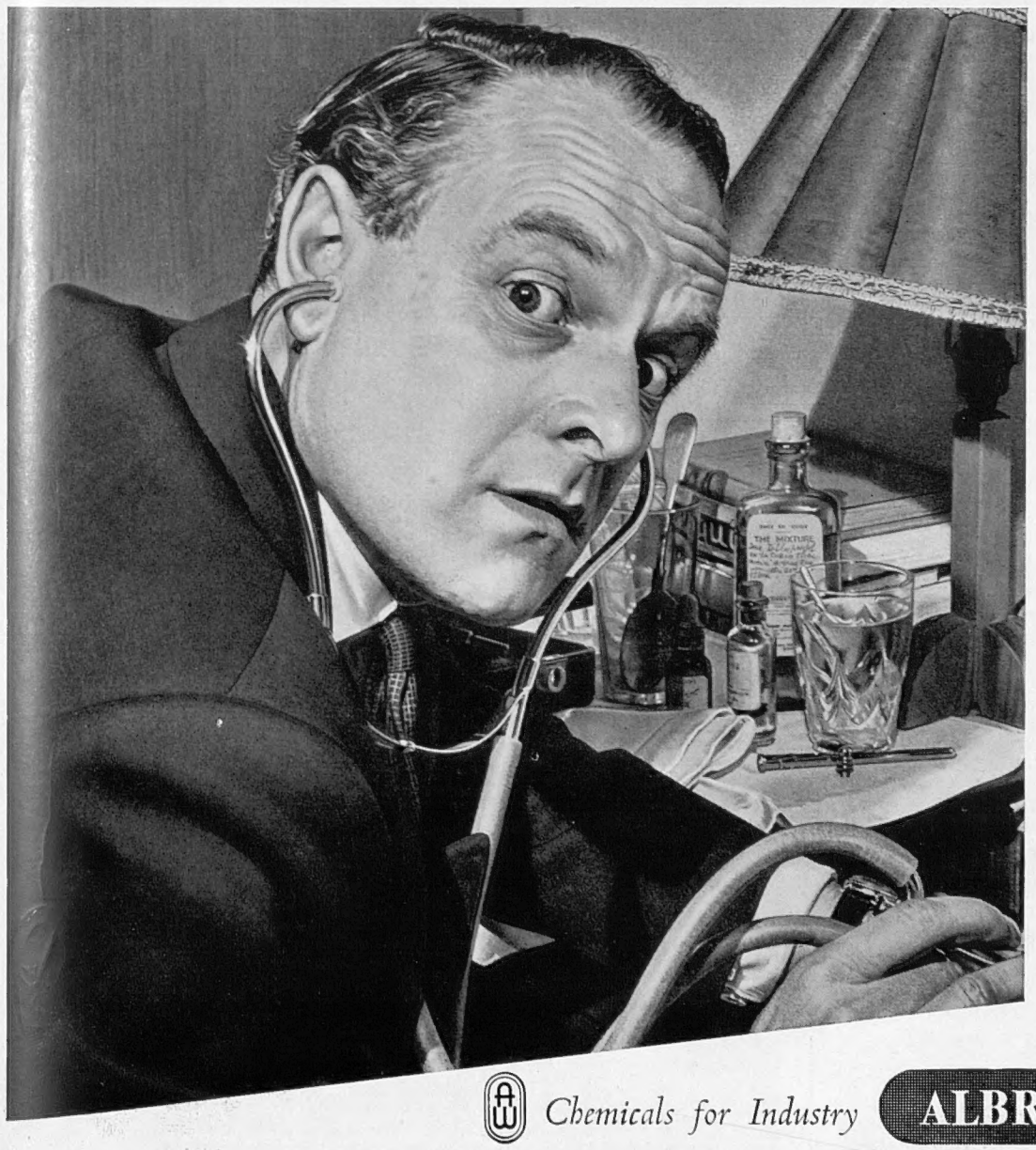

Surely, it was later than that, Doctor?

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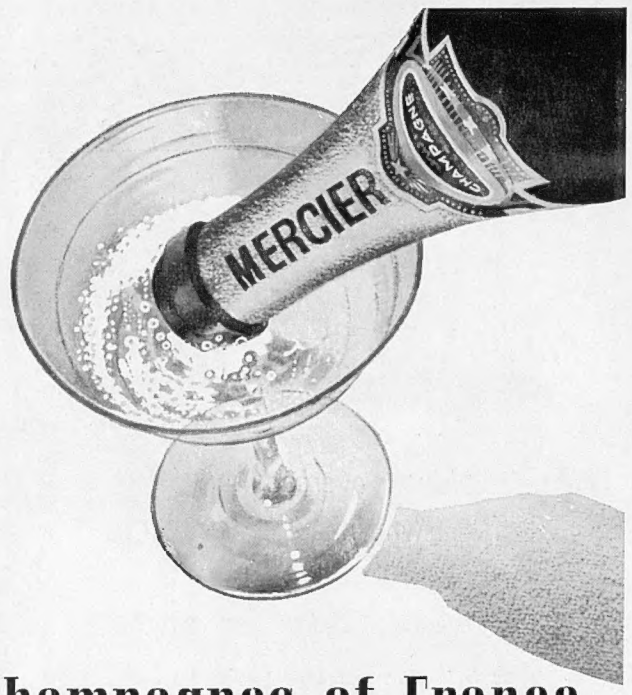

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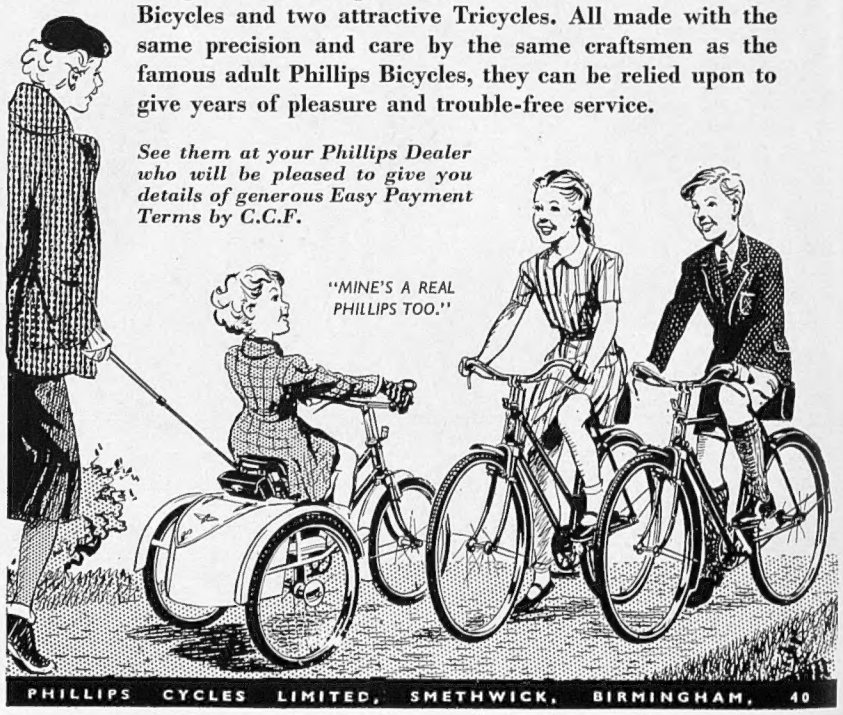

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Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. Saturday, November 15, 1952. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.